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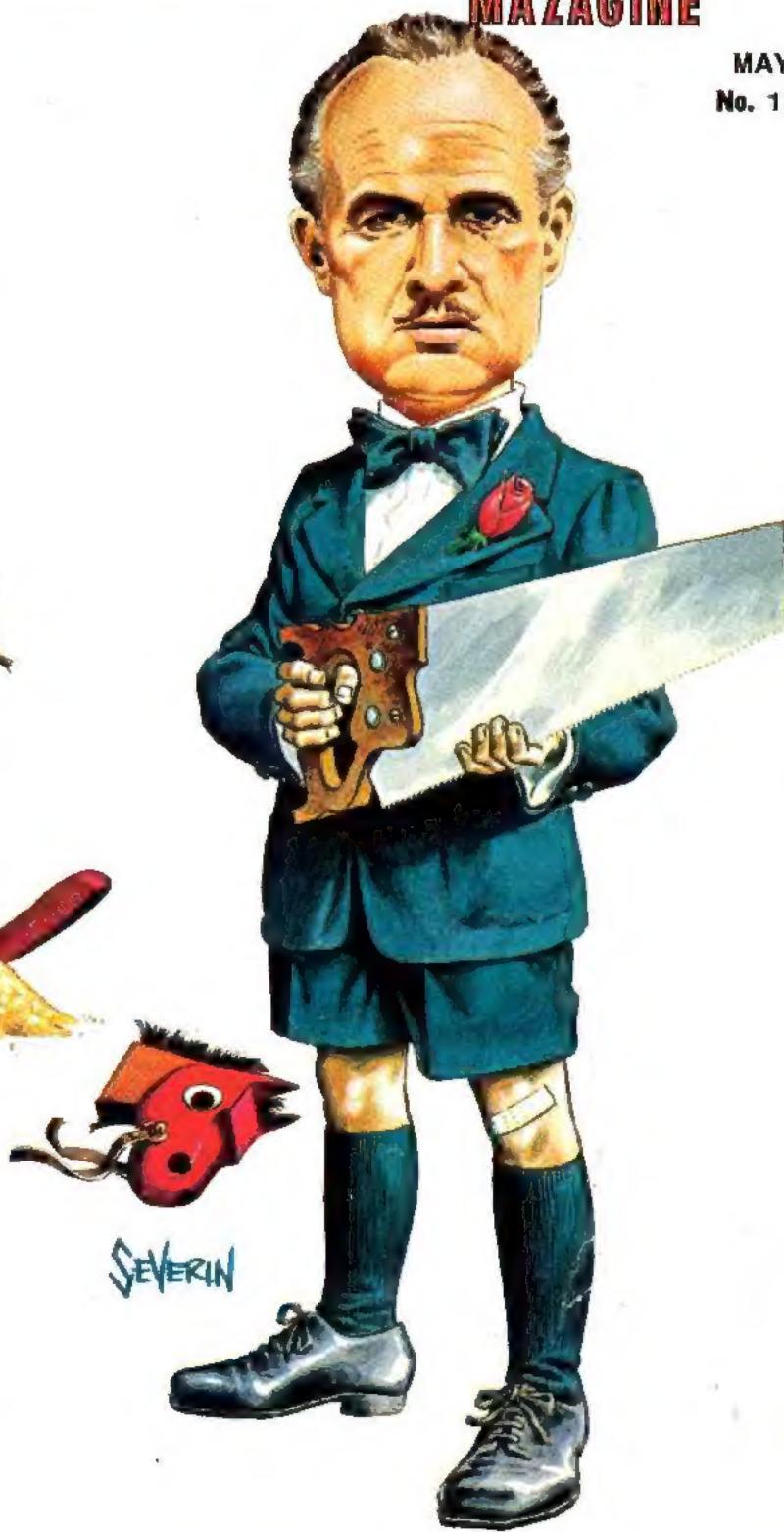
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CRACKED

MAZAGINE

MAY
No. 124



IN THIS ISSUE:
WE HORSE
AROUND WITH

The Godfodder



IMPO
MES



CRACKED

THE WORLD'S
HUMOREST
FUNNY
MAGAZINE

ROBERT C. SPROUL, editor and publisher

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SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE, janitor

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Carefully detach complete cover at
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MAY 1975 NO. 124

WHAT'S UP FRONT
OUR COVER

Well, Sylvester, look what that kid
did to your rocking horse. But
don't get upset, just smile cause
you don't wanna messa with him!!

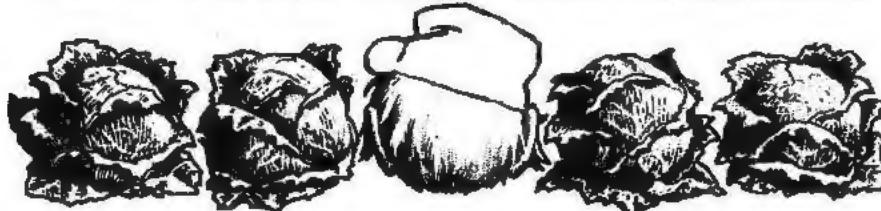


IMPORTANT MESSAGE



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LETUCE from our Readers



ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y. N.Y. 10003

Dear CRACKED,

I very much enjoyed Nanny Dicker's interview with the Restaurant King because my father owns a restaurant. I want to tell you that in a month and a half I bought 6 magazines and 4 books. I am taking them overseas so my relatives can enjoy them. So please don't let me miss new magazines. SELL THEM IN LEBANON!

Allen Shaheen

We'd like to sell Cracked in Lebanon but we have trouble dealing with the Lebanese. They've all got sloppy handwriting.

Dear CRACKED,

I would like to tell you how I got my first CRACKED Magazine. I went down to my local store to browse around the magazine rack and I saw CRACKED magazine. I picked it up, looked in it and it looked good. So I bought it, loved it and now I subscribe to it.

Jim Franklin
Payette, Idaho

Dear Jim,

Thanks for telling us how you got your first CRACKED. We wish it was

as easy for us to get ours. Unfortunately, all the newsstands close up when they see us coming.

Dear Editor,

When in the publications industry, you must keep in mind one thing—you lack etiquette. Tell Sylvester P. Smythe (your private sanitation worker) that instead of the polka-dotted rag, he should use a proper blue or white handkerchief.

One last note to the readers. When holding the magazine keep your little finger up in proper fashion.

Paul Edward Halley I
Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Paul,

Sylvester said it was a white one but he dropped it in a bucket of polka-dot paint.

Dear Editor,

You have the best magazine around. All my friends read it and I do too. I liked your July issue when you CRACKED up Cannon. Please say hi to everyone in Port Colborne.

Tony Palmar
Port Colborne, Ont., Canada

Dear Tony,

I would love to but I can't remember everyone's name.

Dear CRACKED,

Your mag is really dumb but makes the greatest sandwich since Aunt Rubert's mayonnaise and TV Guides sandwich. Thanks for a great meal! I just finished my third one. Now you'll be with me forever.

Cinthia Haffy III

P.S. I'll bet your writer's do all the letters! I'll bet you're just going to throw this away. Well, you might not put it in CRACKED but try it on two pieces of rye with mustard. It's really good. (I'm not kidding.)

Dear Cinthia,

You know, your letter was tasty. But Lettuce from our readers on rye with

mustard sure isn't my idea of a great lunch.

Dear CRACKED Jacks,

The "Inept-One Factor" (CR #120) was so funny I died laughing! I also died when I read "The Six Billion Dollar Man!" They were both great. In fact the whole magazine was great.

Jess R. Perez
Hollywood, Calif.

Hey Jess,

For one guy, you're doing a lot of dying.

Dear CRACKED People,

Your article on 'American Car Daffy' (CRACKED #121) was super. It had to be one of the best out of the hundreds of great ones you do.

P.S. Who thinks up your names for your articles?

Jeff Hochreiter
Massillon, Ohio

Dear Jeff,

Our First Vice President in Charge of Thinking-Up Titles for CRACKED Articles.

Dear CRACKED,

I have been a reader of your magazine for three years now, and I just love it! But, my Mom says if I don't stop reading your mag I really will CRACK! Do you think this could happen?

Jeff English
Lock Haven, Pa.

Dear Jeff,

Heh! Heh! Heh! She should know—she used to be one of our greatest subscribers!

Dear CRACKED,

Wow! Your FREE Iron-On in the 'Planet With The Apes' book is fantastic. I've never seen a real Iron-On that really works right, in a magazine before. I put it on my jacket and it looks far-out. Where can I get more?

Janet Rogers
New York, N.Y.

Dear Janet,

Glad you liked it; we knew you would! We will be selling them soon in our magazine, so keep looking.

Dear CRACKED,

I have bought several magazines, trying to learn and practice my English, but really I found that CRACKED was the funniest magazine I ever read! I thank you so much, CRACKED. Now I

can have a magazine double-barreled for me ... learn English & enjoy your jokes. *Adelante amigos.*

Manuel S. Fernandez H.
Colombia, South America

Dear Manuel,

We're glad u like CRACKED. But for lernin inglesh we ain't too sur if'n itsa good ida to use our mazagine, cause yer inglesh is gooder than aurs rite now!

Dear CRACKED,

This is to notify you that I CRACKED up when I saw 'The gorilla of my dreams' in your 'PLANET WITH THE APES'. It's the exact picture of my mother-in-law. I just died laughing—you'll probably die too since she's gonna sue you.

George Baily
Flint, Michigan

Dear George,

No problem—we're sure we'll be able to pay her off in bananas!

Dear Editor,

As an avid golfer, I was extremely humored by 'A CRACKED LOOK AT GOLF,' CRACKED #123. How about a guide on how to play golf? I'm sure it would be hilarious.

Jim Ozimok
Aliquippa, Pa.

Dear Jim,

You'd better believe it! The last time we played golf we ruined 3 ball-point pens addressing the ball!

Dear CRACKED,

In your article, 'Beaujack,' CRACKED #122, Kojak turns out to be Serpico. If this is true, how come they are both on the cover? Boy, what dummies!

Jim Jankowski
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Jim,

That's right—you guessed it! One of the guys on the front cover is a dummy!! Can you guess which one?

Dear CRACKED,

That satire on 'The Three Mascoteers' was outstanding, fantas-

tic, fabulous, stupendous, super, tremendous and good, even!

*#121

Paul L. Wishengrad
Audubon, Pa.

Dear Paul,

Sorry you didn't like it.

Dear CRACKED,

We speak on behalf of all the rest of us cabbage heads. You guys are always callin us Lettuce Heads: we are Cabbage Heads! If you call us Lettuce Heads we'll ... uh ... er ... uh. I don't know what we'll do! Please call us Brussel Sprouts (or was that Cabbage Heads?), I can't tell the difference, can you? But anyhow, let me make this perfectly clear—we are NOT Lettuce Heads!

Your Loyal Brussel Sprouts,
(or was that cabbage?)

Nancy Thiel
Lisa Wolf
—and friends
Anchorage, Alaska

Dear Brussel Sprouts,

We didn't know that lettuce, cabbage or brussel sprouts grew in Alaska—then Sylvester said, "Sure they do; where do you think our frozen vegetables come from?"

Dear CRACKED,

In your article 'The Far-Out Four,' the 4 heroes are in the sky over Washington, but they don't have wings—what's keeping them up there?

Susan Stokes
Melborne, Florida

Dear Sue,

Washington's main industrial by-product ... HOT AIR!

Dear CRACKED,

I love your magazine. I think it is terrific and wonderful and perfect. But please write something about 'Good Times.' Please ...

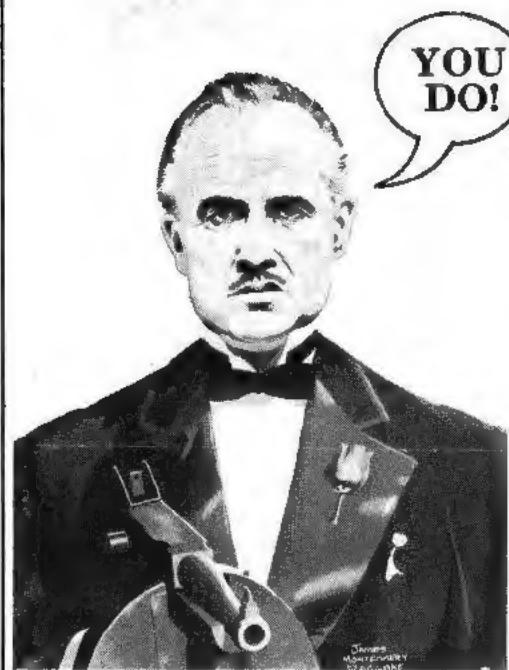
Caridad Hernandez
Union City, N.J.

Dear Caridad,

O.K.—"Something About Good Times." If you keep reading CRACKED you'll have lotsa good times!

WHAT KIND OF
MAN READS

CRACKED



Here's an offer you can't refuse!

Fill in the coupon, put it in a plain envelope, with four unmarked dollar bills and save yourself a lot of grief!!!

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NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

Here's my FOUR DOLLARS
Please put me on your subscription list real fast. I want lots of large laughs!

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ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....ZIP.....

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**NEXT ISSUE—CRACKED #125
ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
MARCH 11th**

The Godfather, Part I, was a tremendous smash and the sequel seems to be doing equally well. So naturally, they'll probably make a third, fourth, fifth, etc., part. Well, as they do, the leads that die will have to be replaced with new actors who are not quite as right for the part. Yes, if they keep on going, sooner or later we'll see a film like the following when they get up to

THE GODEFODDER, PART XXXIII

Godfodder, in the past I was counselor to all your predecessors from Marlon Brando and Al Pacino through Dennis Weaver in Part XX. I helped them and I could reason with them, but you—you are impossible—your requests are ludicrous.

All I ask is that after one of our hit men completes the job, he should try and recover the bullet. Our overhead is just too high!

But Godfodder, it's very hard to make a quick escape if after shooting someone you have to rummage through the body for the bullet. In a word—you're bananas!

Seymour Redley



Your two sons are here to talk with you Godfodder.

Send them in—but one at a time! With a family like ours, you need both your peepers on a person every minute.

O.K. Bruno, what's the matter now?

I wanna an assignment. I'ma done with a school and ready to goa ina da business.

But you're not supposed to graduate for another year! How'd you do it?

Brains!

HAVE YOU
ENEMIES?
WE AIM
TO PLEASE

But my principla, he has. And I told him if I no graduate, they'd be a smooshed all over da office.

Alright. You can cover the new territory.

Hey, datsa great—but I'll need a blanket, won't I? Or a biga piece a plastic?

Cut the jokes Bruno.

O.K., give me a scissor.

Want me to send in your second son?

Yeah—show the gorilla in.

O.K., what is it?

Uh, uh, wah, wah,—screeech!

Yeah, but don't get in trouble. And son . . .

Uh, uh—wah?

Godfodder—Bruno's on the phone.

Oh great! How's the new territory doing?

Get a shave. You've got a really bad five o'clock shadow all over your body.

Well, so fara there's beena very
fewa people to rub out.

Deres nobody
up here.

Why's that?

So then the whole territory is ours! We
can start constructing our gambling
casinos immediately.

Nota quite.
Firsta we gotta
develop a
clearing.

There's trees up there?

No, litter! Alla the rubble
from past space shots, she's a
all over the place.

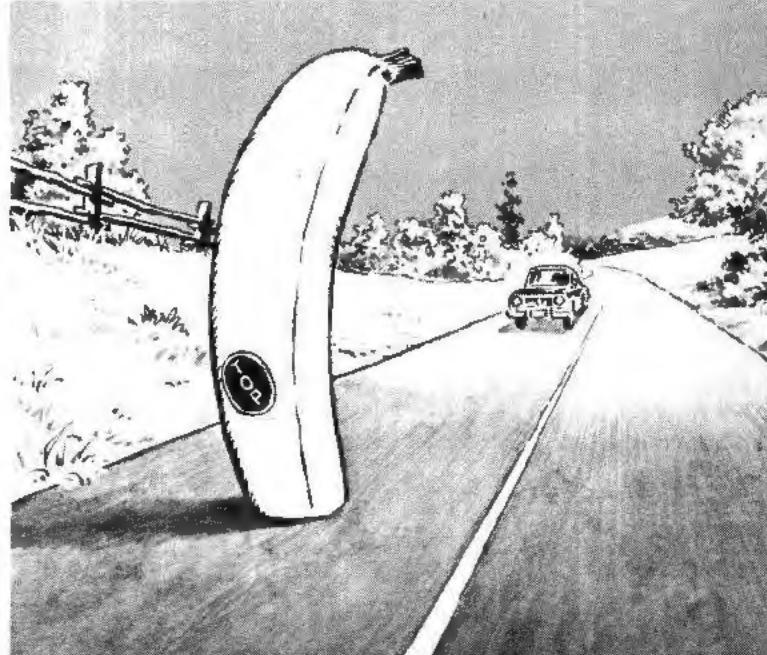
Men, to develop the moon, we'll need capital.
Anyone know where we can get it?

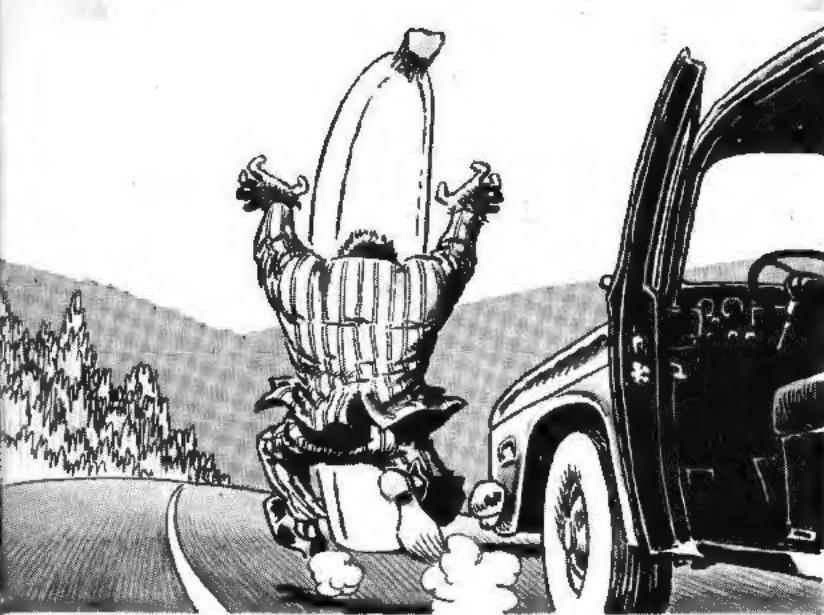
How about Salt Lake City?

What kind of capital is that?

It's the
capital of
Utah.

You're so
strong. You're
the gorilla of
my dreams.





Maybe we can borrow money from one of the other families. We've done them a lot of solids. How about the Linguini's?

We liquidated them in Godfodder, Part V.

The Antipasto family?

They accidentally drowned while washing the dishes in Part XII.

It'll never work.

We're the owners.

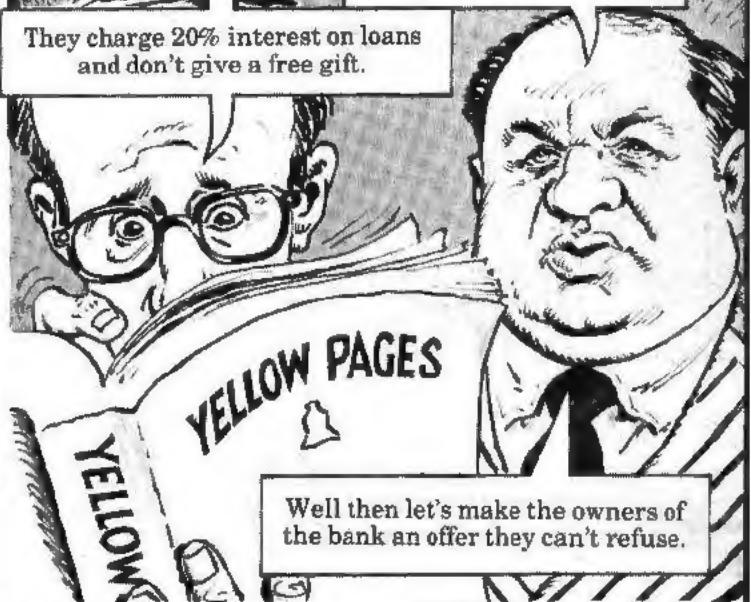
Why not?

That explains why the interest is so high.

Isn't there anybody left to borrow from?

How about the 23rd National Savings Bank?

They charge 20% interest on loans and don't give a free gift.



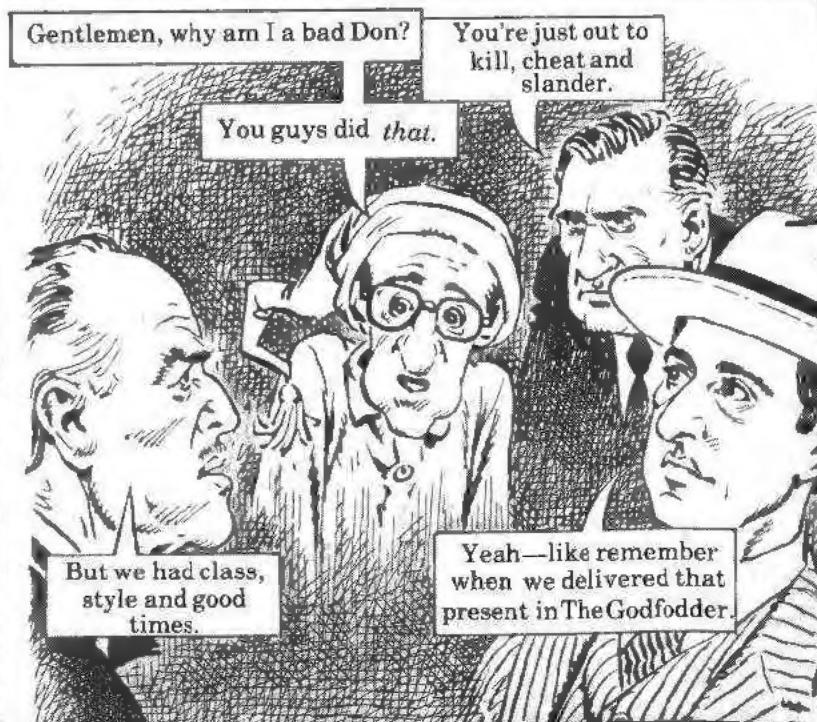
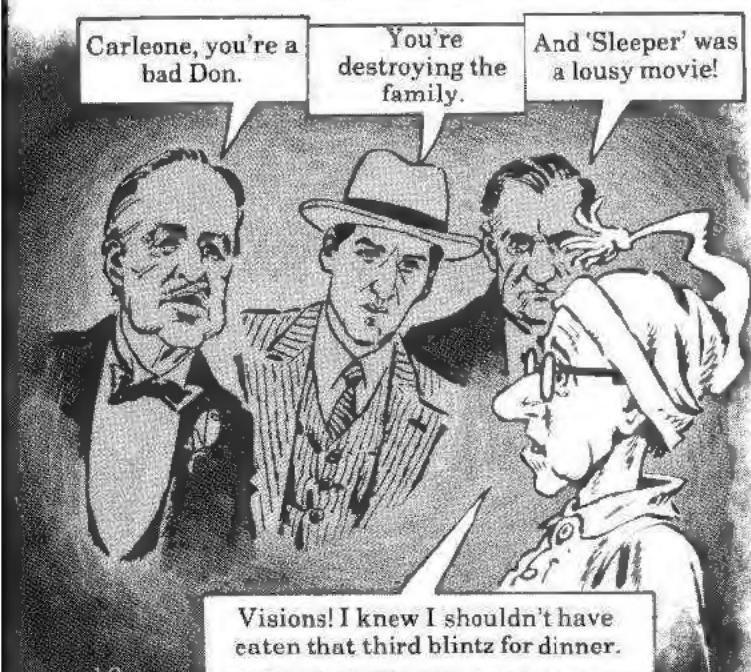
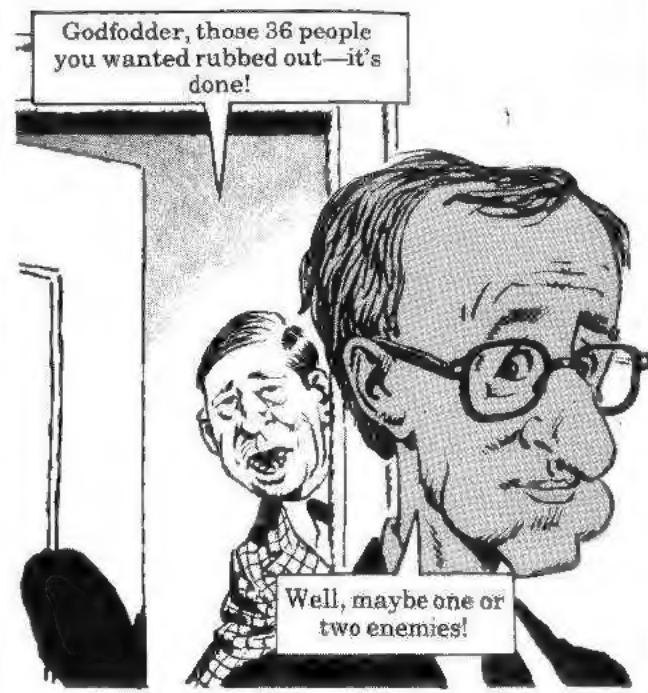
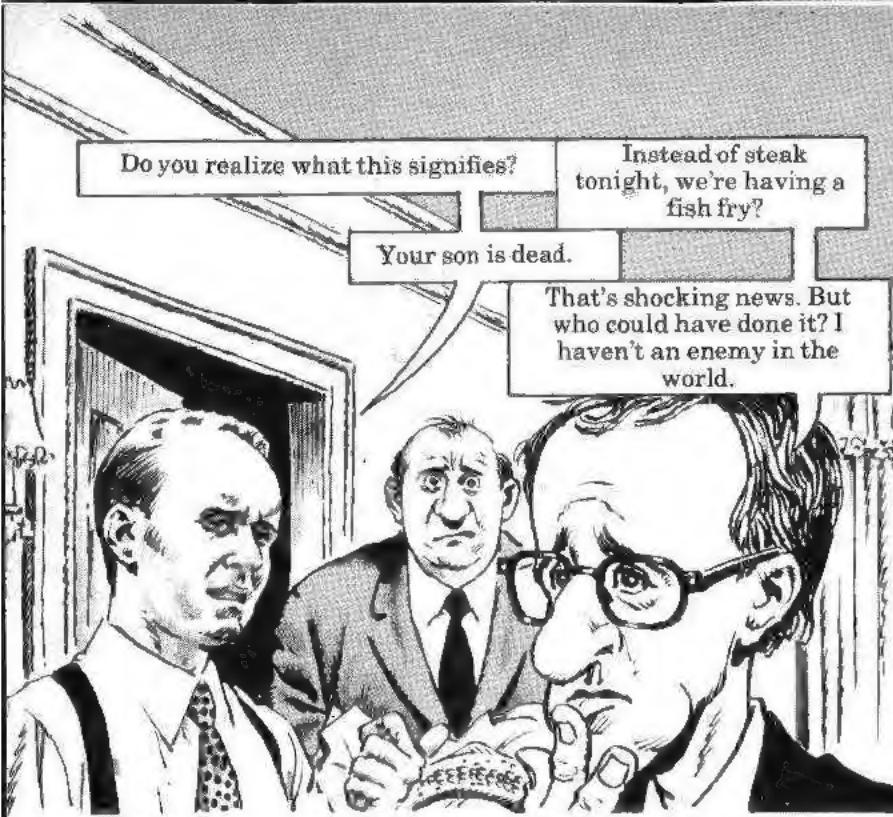
Well then let's make the owners of the bank an offer they can't refuse.

Godfodder, someone sent us this dead fish wrapped in newspaper.

Couldn't they have at least used today's edition? I read this already!



DEY GOT ME!



AAAHHHH!

My horse! Look at it! Those animals! Do you know what this means?

What's the matter?

It means every close race he runs from now on, he'll probably lose by a head!

... or the fun of speaking before the senate sub-committees.

Carleone, did you have my colleague gunned down?
Carleone? Carleone?

He's not answering. Instead he's reaching for that bottle of liquor.

He's obviously taking the fifth

But despite me, the Godfodder can go on forever. We've got politicians on the payroll, cops on the take and judge's in our pockets.

That may be true, but I'm afraid your days as Godfodder are definitely coming to an end.

Because the writer and artist of this masterpiece have run out of room.

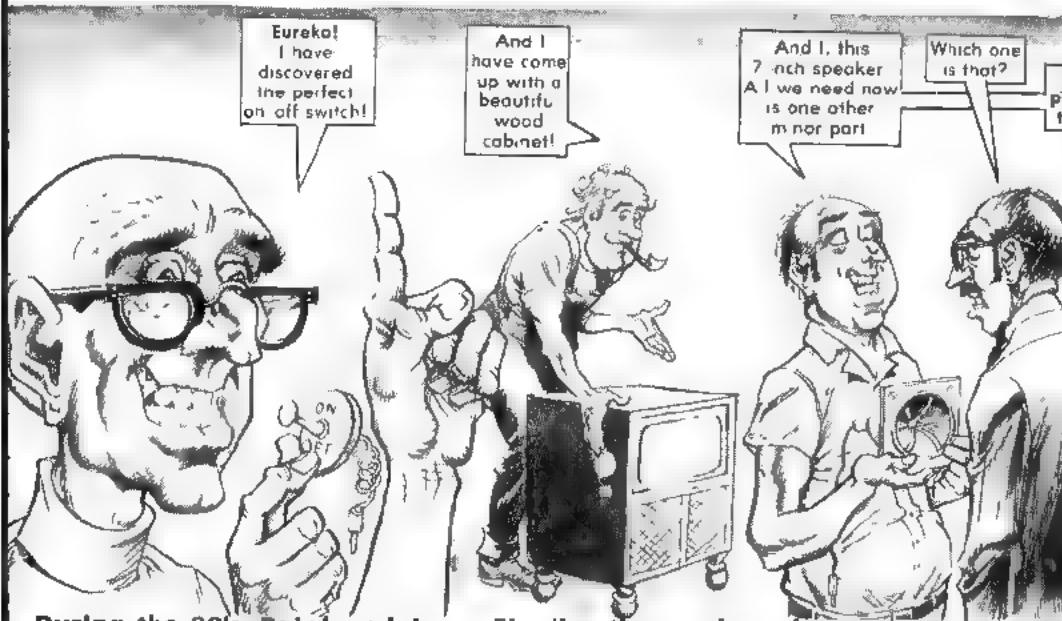
They can't do that! Call up room service and get me more! I'm not done ruling yet! I wanna take over Washington, corrupt Radio City Music Hall, pay off all the porpoises in Marine Land not to perform, go to...

You end this article and you guys are finished... you're dead... you're... quick -get their names before we disappear.

Each night while you're sitting in front of your television set, do you keep asking yourself "I wonder how the boob tube got to where it is today?" You don't! Well, this evening perhaps you'd better because the answer is coming up within this next article, entitled ...

THE CRACKED HISTORY OF TELEVISION

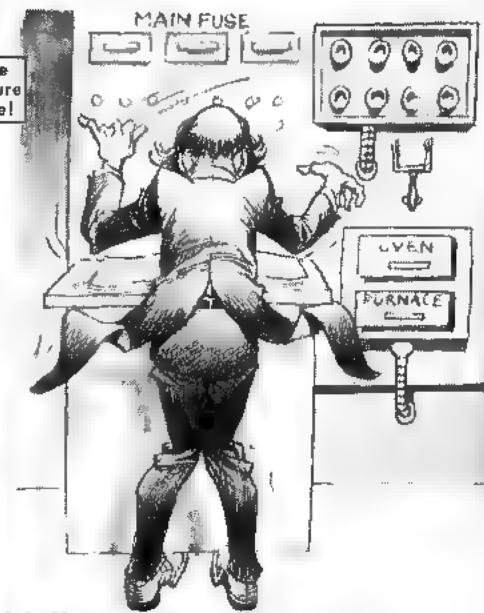
Television really has no one inventor, for it was developed part by part over a twenty-year span.



During the 20's, Baird and Jenkins attempted to market television. However, many upon seeing its size, knew it would be hard to sell.

Finally, the modern home receiver came about in 1939 and families purchasing it pressed hard to find room in their homes for it.

The invention of the picture tube came about when Louis May discovered a conductor of electricity.



Initially, there was a fear that an abnormal amount of radiation would be given off by early sets, but this proved to be false as the picture below shows.



Crude color television was first experimented with as early as 1948.



It was also in 1948 that another phenomenon came along.

In a moment we'll return to our program, but first a word from Mother Meyer's Moustache Wax



But as the novelty wore off, audiences soon became more demanding.

All right Sir Richard, put your hands up! I'm taking you back to Queen Culpepper's castle.



At first television did not catch on...



Yes, television was here and people adjusting their roof antennas for good reception became a common sight.



As the industry grew, so did its innovations and in the mid-50's came another phenomenon.

OK, Black Bart, stick 'em up! I'm taking you back to Mrs. Culpepper's ranch.



You guessed it... the rerun!

But in 1948 a cultural phenomenon came along that sold more TV's than anything else. Was it Van Cliburn at the piano, you ask?

No, it was me Milton Berle in a dress!

MOST FAT PEOPLE HAVE A VAST WAISTLAND



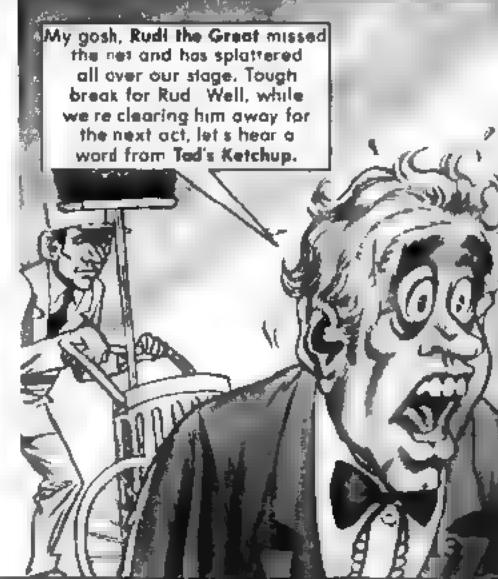
At first, people fascinated by the new invention, would watch anything.

OK Black Bart, stick 'em up! I'm taking you back to Mrs. Culpepper's ranch.



In the beginning, most shows were done live, letting audiences experience all of the medium's funny little mistakes.

My gosh, Rudy the Great missed the net and has splattered all over our stage. Tough break for Rud. Well, while we're clearing him away for the next act, let's hear a word from Tad's Ketchup.



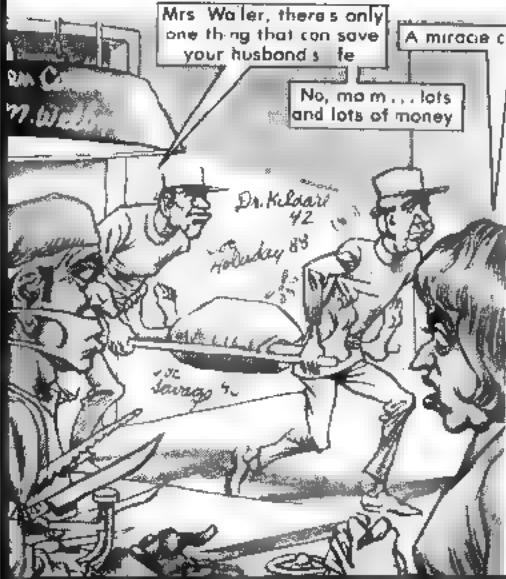
But soon, spontaneity left as shows were taped. Now programs could be done over and over until right.



The race was on for material as TV searched everywhere to adapt new series.



...dramatic medical shows...



In the 50's, television took off via situation comedies where one person always seemed to be the brunt of the humor.



The reason ...



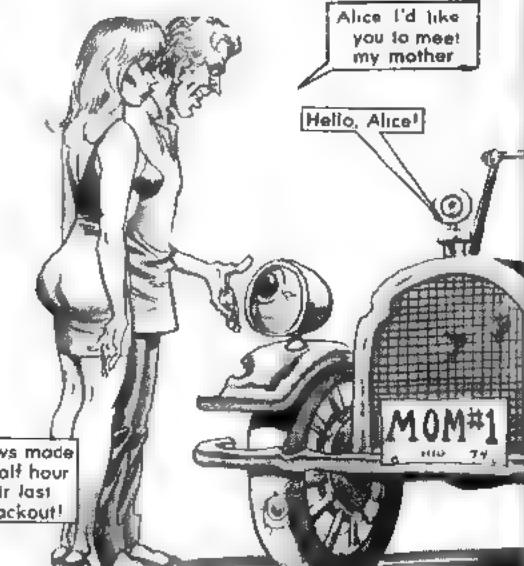
...and sporting events which many said were completely changed by the addition of television.



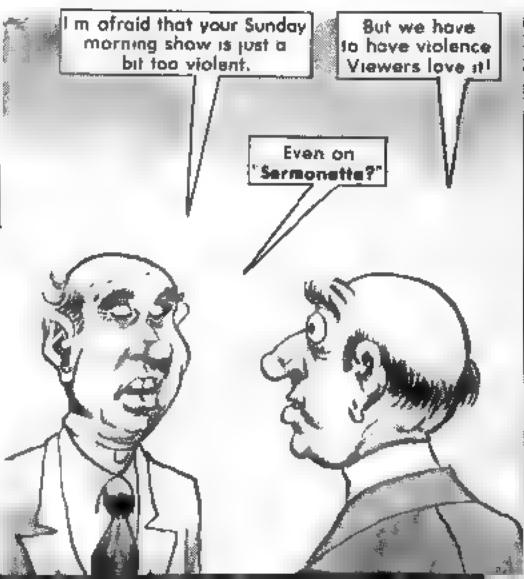
And the 50's ended with one comedy, "I Love Lucy," leaving the air after being No. 1 for 8 years. Came the 60's and executives searched vigorously for a show to replace "Lucy."



So networks began televising unique programming to capture a greater audience... like sophisticated situation comedies...



As the 60's progressed, new trends were evident and the FCC began to attack various aspects of television broadcasting.



Children's shows were also said to be violent.



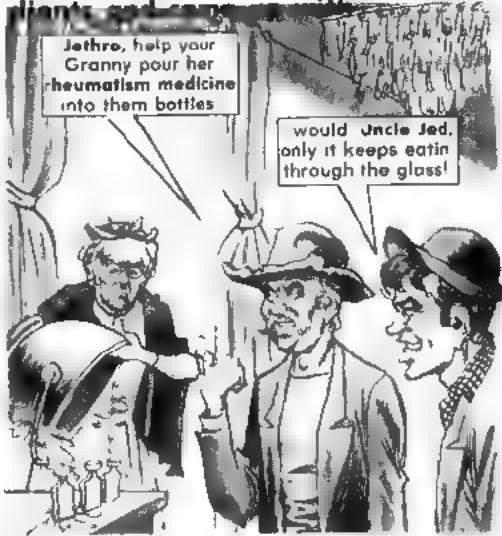
And in the late 60's, P.B.S. (Public Broadcasting System) which was completely free of commercials, made its debut. Reactions were mixed.



And likewise it is being experimented with the telephone.



People also complained that TV lacked depth, intelligence and stimulation, so the creators went back to the drawing boards, added the missing ingredients and came up with...



But besides commercial TV, the media has triumphed in other ways. Closed circuit TV has been helpful in monitoring shoplifters.



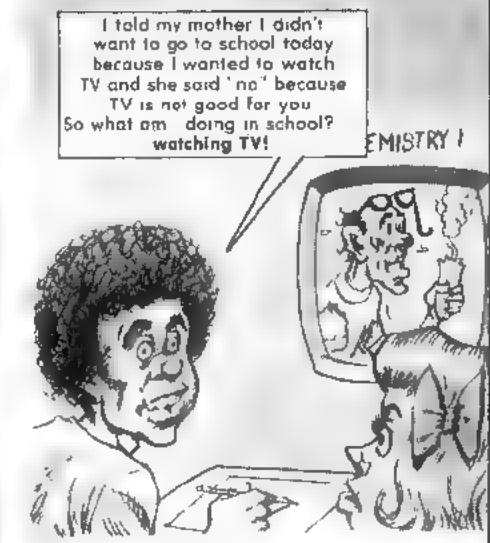
And what of TV of the future? Well, we believe we'll have much bigger screens.



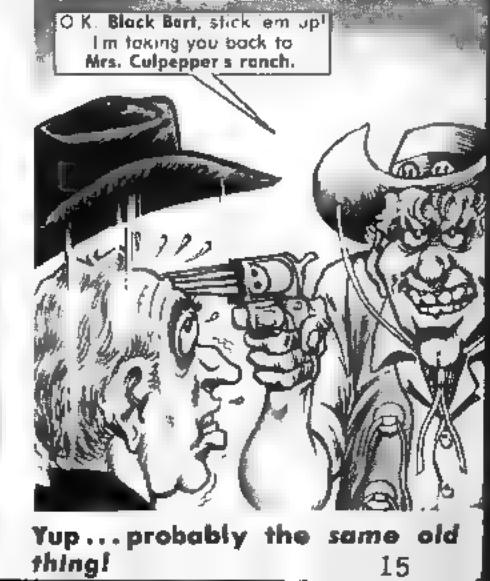
And executives claimed that they were trying their best to bring about diversified programming.



And as an audio-visual aid in classrooms.



And as for the programming on that screen ...



Yup... probably the same old thing!

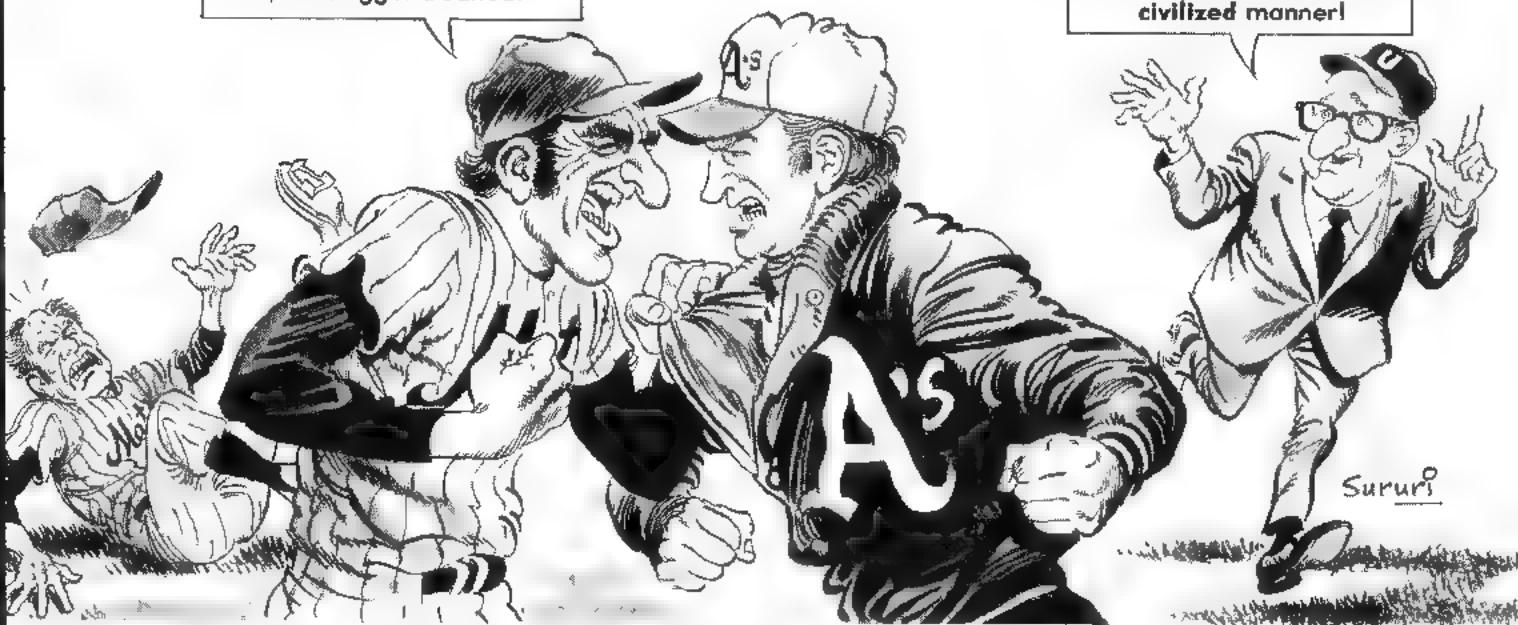
By now the settling of international squabbles has become very humdrum and routine for Henry Kissinger. Inevitably, the world's greatest diplomat will be looking for new fields to conquer. CRACKED wonders...

WHAT WILL SUPER K DO WHEN HE LEAVES THE GOVERNMENT?

Kissinger's negotiating ability would qualify him as a baseball umpire...

You %@#! You had my best slugger beaned!

Gentlemen! Let us retire to our respective dugouts and settle this in a civilized manner!



...and make him the first arbiter to employ dugout-to-dugout shuttle umpiring.

The opposing manager regrets the beaning Incident, and as a token of his apology would like to present your team with this bunny-type batboy!

Aw shucks! They were probably only trying to knock some sense into my klutzy hitter!



Kissinger's ability at reconciliation would qualify him as a marriage counsellor.



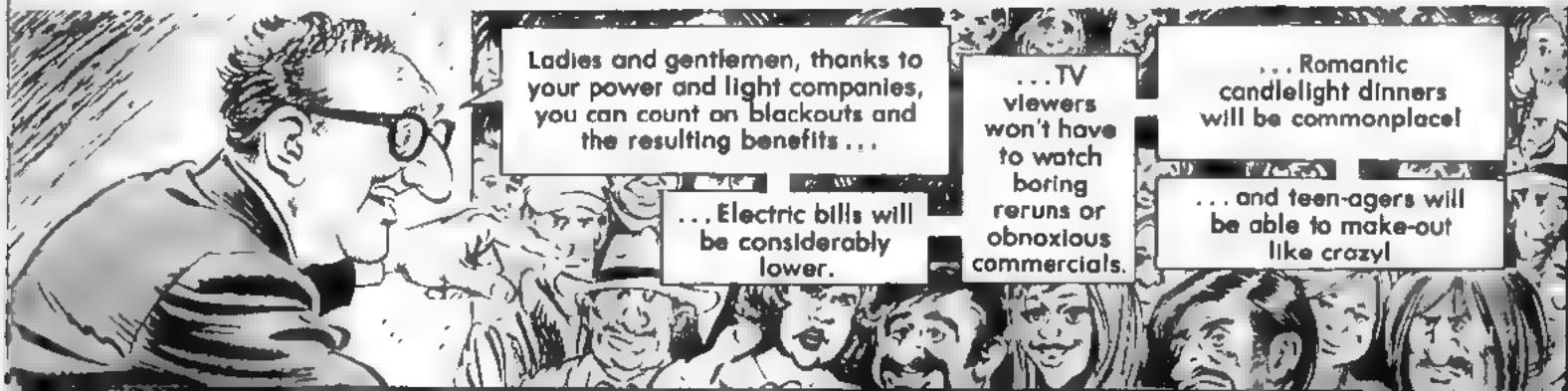
Kissinger's optimistic nature would qualify him as the kind of TV newscaster we desperately need

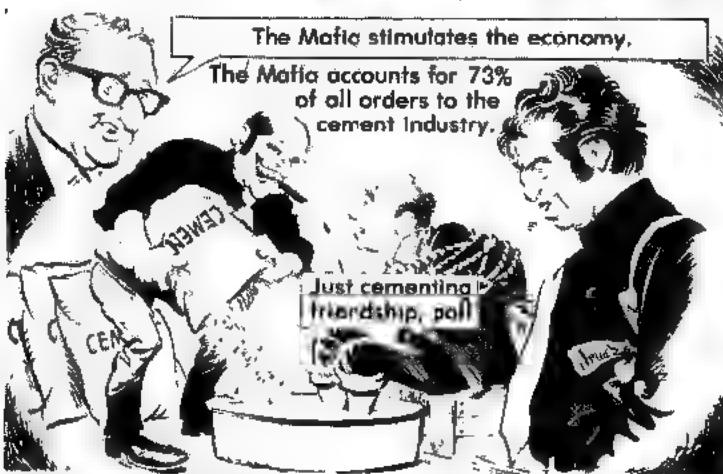
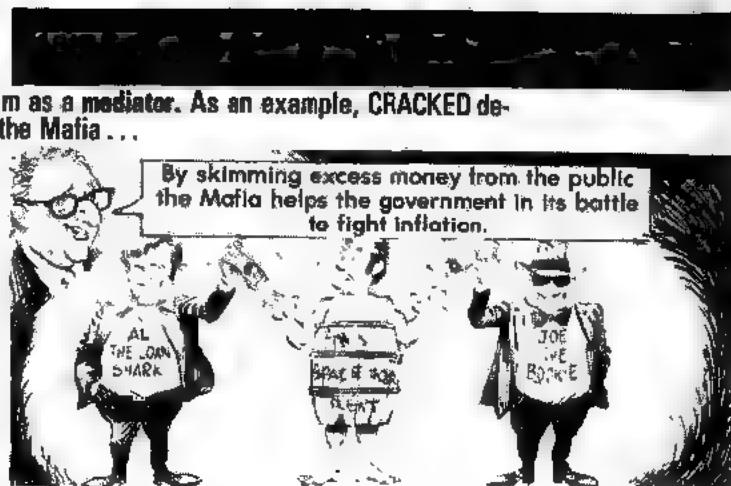
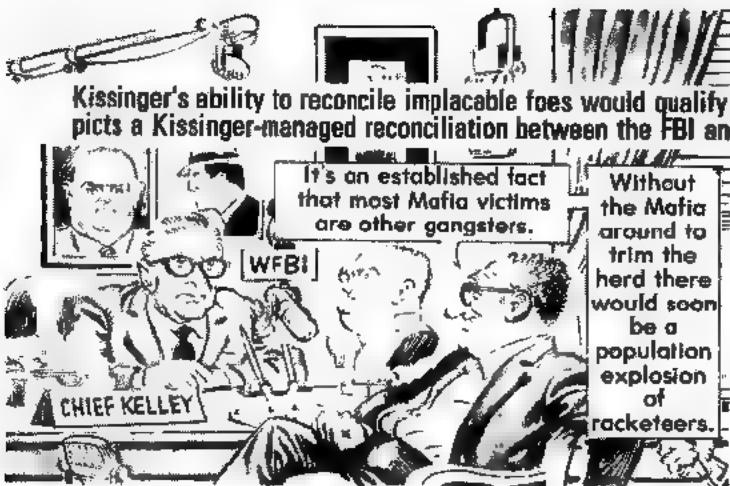


Kissinger's ability to persuade would qualify him as a super salesman ...



Kissinger's golden tongue would qualify him as a super public-relations man for the utilities ...





Since this is the age of equal rights for everybody, how come the Olympics still practice discrimination? Namely, why do they only let in athletes? How about all the other people from different walks of life who might like to compete with their counterparts in different parts of the world? To sum it all up, why not have . . .

OLYMPICS FOR NON-ATHLETES

WA/DS



POLITICIANS INTERNATIONAL GAMES

- * Both-Sides-Of-The-Fence
- * Hot-Air Blowing
- Straddling
- * Baby Kissing
- * One-Side-Of-The-Mouth Talking
- * Knish Eating
- * Vote Casting
- * Bull Throwing
- * Cross-Country Maneuvering

A new category this year is the Watergate Pentagon-thlon, in which each contestant takes part in the following field activities WIRE-TAPPING, PHONE-BLUGGING, DOUBLE-DEALING, BAIL-JUMPING, and GERRY-MANDEERING.

As usual, each candidate for a trophy will make a 20 minute speech at the end of each event. They will be judged on how well they can talk without saying anything!

NOTE Because of an error in calculation, 18 feet of the tape at the Finish Line is missing!

MAFIA MEN SYNDICATE TOURNAMENTS

- * Cop Bribing
- * Eye Gouging
- * Horse-Head Chopping
- * Fee Extorting
- * Auto Bombing
- * Cheek Kissing

A competitive series of athletic games consisting of QUAIL SHOOTING, LOOT FENCING, SHIVV THROWING and RUM RUNNING. Water sports will include CEMENT DUMPING and FLOATING UP-SIDE DOWN in the EAST RIVER. The highlight of the day will be a real TUG 'O WAR.

A zoo-yard LAST MILE WALK will be used to eliminate all losers. Decision of the judges is final since they are all bought.

Because of the highly competitive nature of the participants, all contestants will be grouped in "families."





DOCTORS MEDICAL MARATHON

- Fee Splitting
- Specialist Recommending
- Hypodermic Jabbing
- Absence Note Writing
- Acupuncture Discrediting
- Pain Inflicting

Contest hours are from 12 to 2 daily. No games will be played on Wednesdays, as that is when the contestants play golf.

Any contestant who is unable to perform can refer another contestant in his place. The prize will then be split between the two.

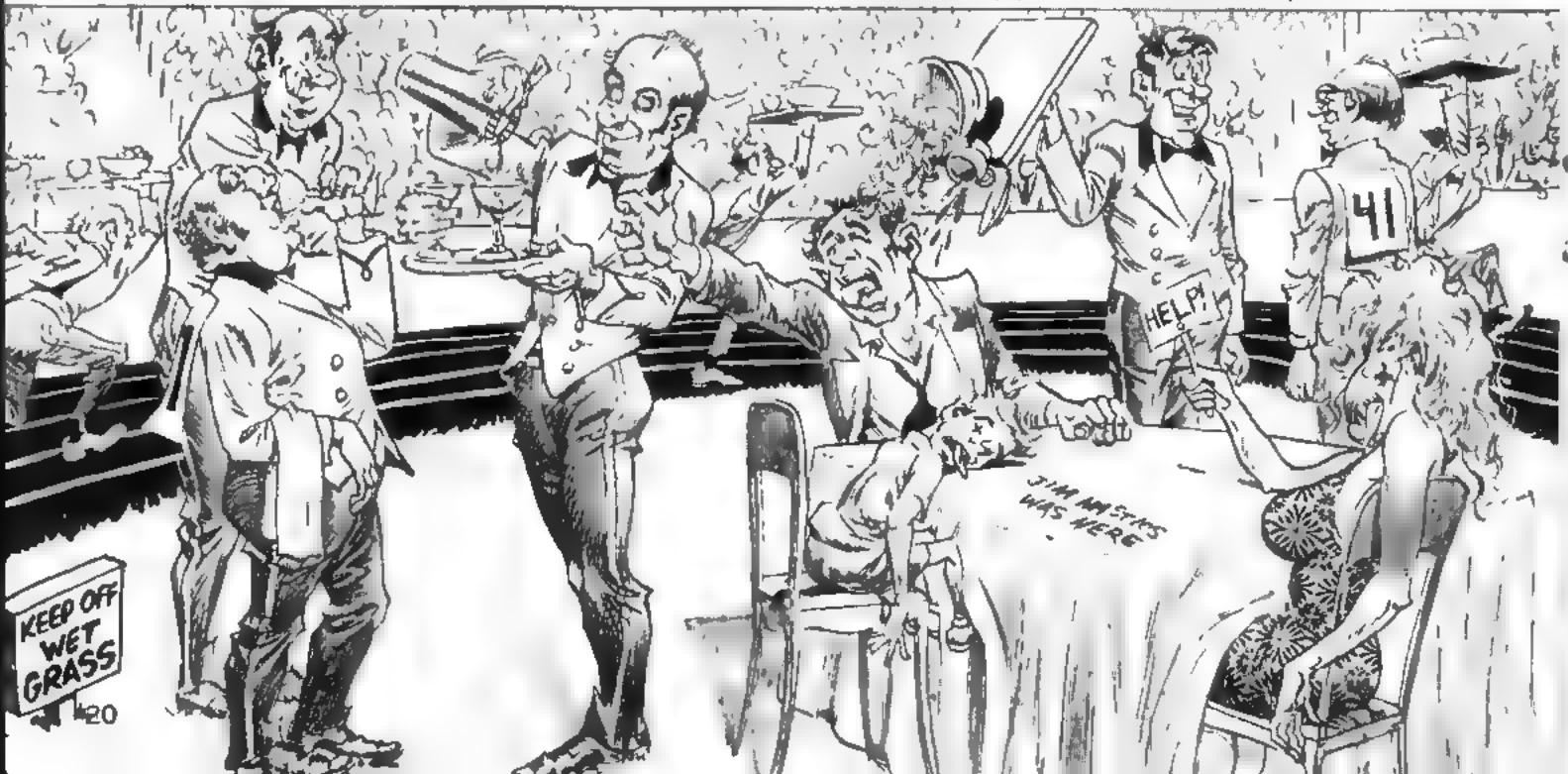
Amateur and professional contestants from all over the world compete in a series of physical games from TELEPHONE DIAGNOSING to MEDICAIRE PADDING. Each game will have a series of operations, many unnecessary. The high spot of the field events is the 15 lb. shot-put (in each other's arms).

WAITERS FIELD GYMNASTICS

- Broken Field Walking
- Soup Spilling
- Bill Padding
- Customer Ignoring
- Busboy Hollering
- Table Stacking

A whole regatta full of gymnastics including the MEAGER TIP THROWBACK, the CUSTOMER ORDER MIX-UP, and the SASSY TALK SPIEL. The final event is the 16 lb. SALAMI SHOT PUT, thrown over a high bar made of chopped liver. The winner will get his or her pick of the best tables on display.

A CLICHE SPOUTING COMPETITION will also be held to see which contestant says the following lines the most number of times in a given hour: "Sorry, this isn't my table . . .", "Take it easy, I only got two hands," and the ever popular "So how much can a fly eat?"





GRAND PARENTS SENILE STEEPLECHASE

- * Cane Vaulting
- * Checker Playing
- * Operation-Reminiscing
- * False Teeth Cleaning
- * Lace Crocheting
- * Family Meeting

Senior Citizen activities include the 100-METER LIMP to the park bench, the 50 MINUTE NAP on the living room sofa, and the 10 YARD DASH to the lavatory every few minutes. The highlight is a giant PORCH SITTING CONTEST to see who can rock the most times on a rocking chair.

All contestants will be given ample time to show snapshots of their grandchildren to the others between games.

SMALL KIDS JAMBOREE JUNIOR

- * Nose Running
- * Nap Taking
- * Room Messing
- * Belly Aching
- * Lollipop Sucking
- * Sibling Fighting

Itinerary features such diverse contests as THROWING the TANTRUM to seeing how far you can spit up. For infants, there is the perennial 5 METER CRAWL and the exciting LOW JUMP. Both boys and girls will then take part in the special duo activities such as, PIGTAIL PULLING, HEAD BOPPING, and the popular crowd-pleaser, DOCTOR PLAYING.



Bless Our Press Section

Governments invariably disdain bad news events for fear of their effect on the public. Simultaneously, they encourage "good" news since it puts a glow on their administration. Recent examples of sensitive government officials trying to tell the news media how to do its job got us to thinking about how we take our free press for granted, and...

HOW PAST EVENTS MIGHT HAVE BEEN REPORTED WITH A GOVERNMENT- CONTROLLED PRESS

HOW THE NEWS WAS REPORTED. DEC. 17, 1773

ANGRY BOSTONIANS DRESS
as INDIANS, DUMP 342 CHESTS
of TEA INTO HARBOR

action viewed as
RETALIATION FOR OPPRESSIVE
BRITISH TEA TAX



ANGRY COLONISTS Toss TEA INTO HARBOR

HOW A CROWN-CONTROLLED
PRESS MIGHT HAVE REPORTED IT. DEC. 17, 1773

*Jovial Bostonians
Hold Gala Seaboard
Masquerade*

Boston—A jolly shipboard prank was viewed by all as a harmless release for today's exuberant fun-loving youth. The genial carnival atmosphere surrounding the event prompted some officials into thinking of holding a similar Mardi-Gras type festival each year.



PAUL REVERE takes first prize for his imaginative Mohawk costume.

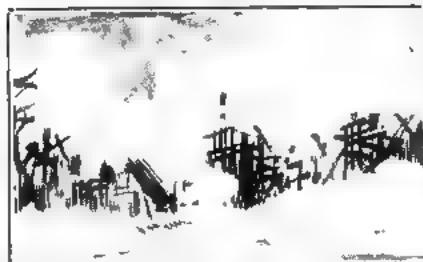
HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

OCT. 9, 1871

CHICAGO MERCURY EXTRA: MASSIVE FIRE WIPES OUT CHICAGO

Building and
livestock damage
set at
\$196 million.

Blaze traced to
cow kicking
over lantern



Sketch of Holocaust

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

JUNE 25, 1876

GENERAL CUSTER'S TROOPS MASSACRED BY SIOUX AT LITTLE BIG HORN

Little Big Horn—The sixth cavalry was wiped out to a man in a clash with Sioux Indians. General George Armstrong Custer and his 400-man cavalry force ran into an Indian...



Chief Sitting Bull
in Charge of Attack

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

FEB. 26, 1913

INCOME TAX TO BE LEVIED ON AMERICANS

16th AMENDMENT RATIFIED

Washington—Many citizens view the new tax on income with alarm. Critics believe the measure gives impetus for a strong, centralized government that would usurp the powers of local government.

TARGET OF NEW LAW



HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT
HAVE REPORTED IT

CHICAGO MERCURY EXTRA: HUGE REDEVELOPMENT HITS CHICAGO

Slums eradicated over night. Disease-ridden area no longer poses problem, mayor says

CHICAGOANS ENJOY WARM RESPITE FROM COLD WEATHER

Chicago—Chicagoans took advantage of the unusually warm weather to view what had to be the world's largest outdoor barbecue of cattle.

PREDICT BIG BUILDING BOOM FOR CHICAGO

CHICAGO—The Mayor and other city officials today announced...

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT
HAVE REPORTED IT

LITTLE BIG HORN LEADS AS NATION'S NO. 1 RETIREMENT HOME FOR MILITARY PERSONNEL

Little Big Horn over 400 soldiers of the Seventh Cavalry including General Custer himself, decided en masse to choose Little Big Horn as a permanent retirement home. Promises by local Sioux developers of a well stocked, happy hunting ground had much to do with the cavalry men's decision and...



Chief Sitting Bull in charge of
Local Welcome Wagon

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT
HAVE REPORTED IT

GOVERNMENT LAUNCHES BRILLIANT CRIME-FIGHT MEASURE



Washington—The nation's criminals face bleak times ahead. Through a novel income tax plan, the government hopes to drain off excess income from its citizens thereby leaving slim pickings for members of the underworld.

BIG STICK HAS
CRIME ON THE RUN

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

DAILY BLUES

OCT. 25, 1929

HYSTERIA SWEEPS WALL STREET

BROKERS
LEAP
TO SUICIDE IN
FINANCIAL
PANIC

240 ISSUES
LOSE
\$15 BILLION
IN VALUE



EX-MILLIONAIRE J.P. GATROCKS III REDUCED TO
SELLING APPLES

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

CLEVELAND PAIN DEALER

DEC. 12, 1931

DEPRESSION UNEMPLOYMENT AT ALL-TIME HIGH

UNEMPLOYMENT
RATE HITS 25%

MILLIONS
ON
BREAD
LINES



SHANTY TOWN COMMON DEPRESSION SIGHT

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

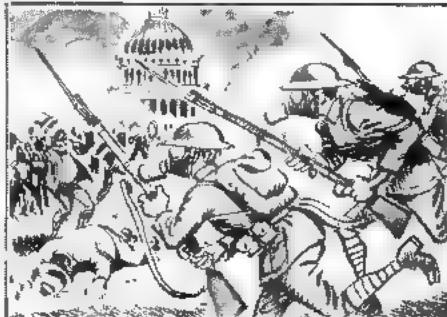
WASHINGTON PEST

JULY 28, 1932

BONUS ARMY FLARE-UP IN NATION'S CAPITAL

BITTER
WORLD WAR I
VETERANS
DEMAND
CONGRESS
PAY THEM
THEIR BONUS

REGULAR ARMY
USED TO
DRIVE VETS
OUT OF THEIR
ENCAMPMENT



SOLDIERS WITH GAS MASKS FORCE
VETS OUT OF MAKE-DIET SHACKS

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT
HAVE REPORTED IT

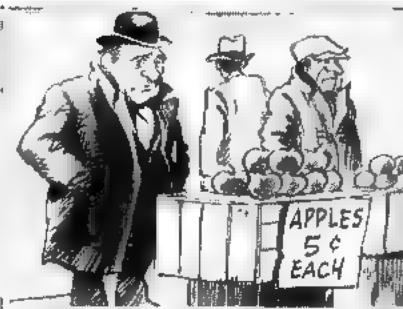
DAILY BLUES

OCT. 25, 1929

BARGAIN TIME ON WALL STREET

DRASTIC PRICE
REDUCTIONS IN
QUALITY
BLUE CHIP
STOCKS SEEN AS
INDUCEMENT
TO "GIVE
THE LITTLE GUY"
THE CHANCE AT
A PIECE OF THE
ACTION

Would-Be Investors
urged to hurry. Sales
may be withdrawn
at any time



MILLIONAIRE J.P. GATROCKS III, IN PUBLICITY
PHOTO DEMONSTRATES STOCKS ARE
NOW ALMOST AS CHEAP AS APPLES

HOW A GOV'T CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE
REPORTED IT

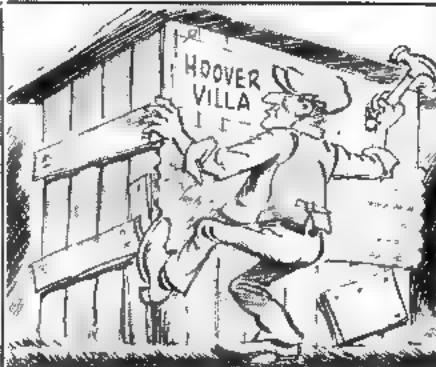
CLEVELAND PAIN DEALER

DEC. 12, 1931

LEISURE TIME ACTIVITIES HIT RECORD HIGH

WHO SAYS
AMERICANS
DON'T KNOW
HOW TO
RELAX?

HOBBY BOOM
REACHES
UNPRECEDENTED
LEVELS



HOBBYIST BUILDS HOUSE OUT OF TIN CANS

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE
REPORTED IT

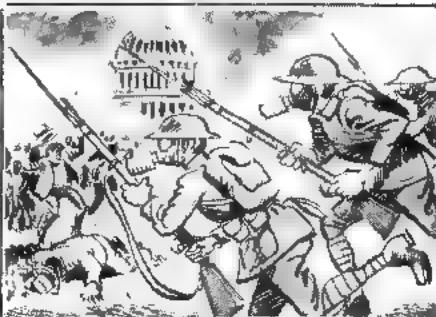
WASHINGTON PEST

JULY 28, 1932

VETERANS ON NOSTALGIC KICK

VETS REENACT
FAMOUS BATTLE
OF WORLD WAR I

Traveling down
memory lane,
fun-loving World
War I veterans
today reenacted
some of the
famous battles
of World War I
with the help of
regular army
troops stationed
in Washington



VETS AND ARMY CLASH IN BATTLE REENACTMENT

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

★★★★★ DAILY BLAH FINAL

DEC. 8, 1941

JAPANESE ATTACK PEARL HARBOR

OUR PACIFIC FLEET DESTROYED IN SNEAK ATTACK

MILITARY CAUGHT WITH PANTS DOWN

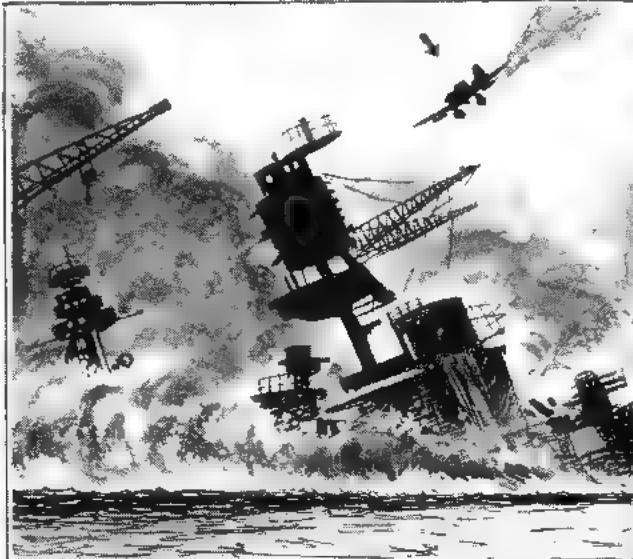


PHOTO SHOWS 7th FLEET IN RUINS AT PEARL HARBOR
ARROW POINTS TO ONE OF THE FEW JAPANESE AIRCRAFT SHOT DOWN ON THE SUNDAY RAID OF DEC. 7th

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

DEMOCRATIC HQ. BURGLARIZED

TOP WHITE HOUSE OFFICIALS INVOLVED IN PLANNING

MASSIVE COVER-UP INVOLVES FBI

Republican Campaign Money
Used As Hush Money for
Wiretappers and Burglars

Washington—This town was rocked with further revelations about the doings of...

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE REPORTED THE EVENT

★★★★★ DAILY BLAH FINAL

DEC. 8, 1941

NAVY LAUNCHES MODERNIZATION PLAN

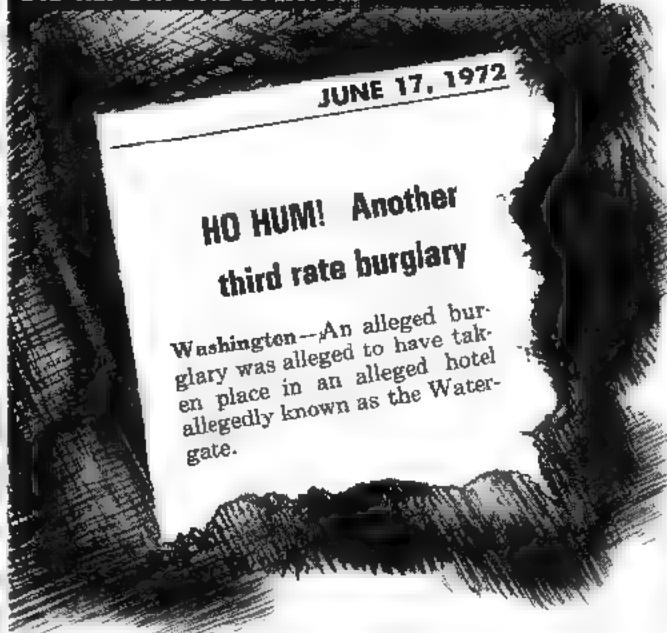
Pearl Harbor—To meet the demands of modern warfare, the U.S. Navy decided to scrap its antiquated Pacific fleet of 86 ships. The Japanese Armed Forces were lured into destroying the American fleet at absolutely no expense to the U.S. Government



COURTESY OF JAPAN ARMY & NAVY STORE

PHOTO ABOVE SHOWS STILL ANOTHER JAPANESE AIRCRAFT BITING THE DUST AT THE HANDS OF OUR EVER-ALERT FORCES

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS RELEASE DID REPORT THE EVENT...



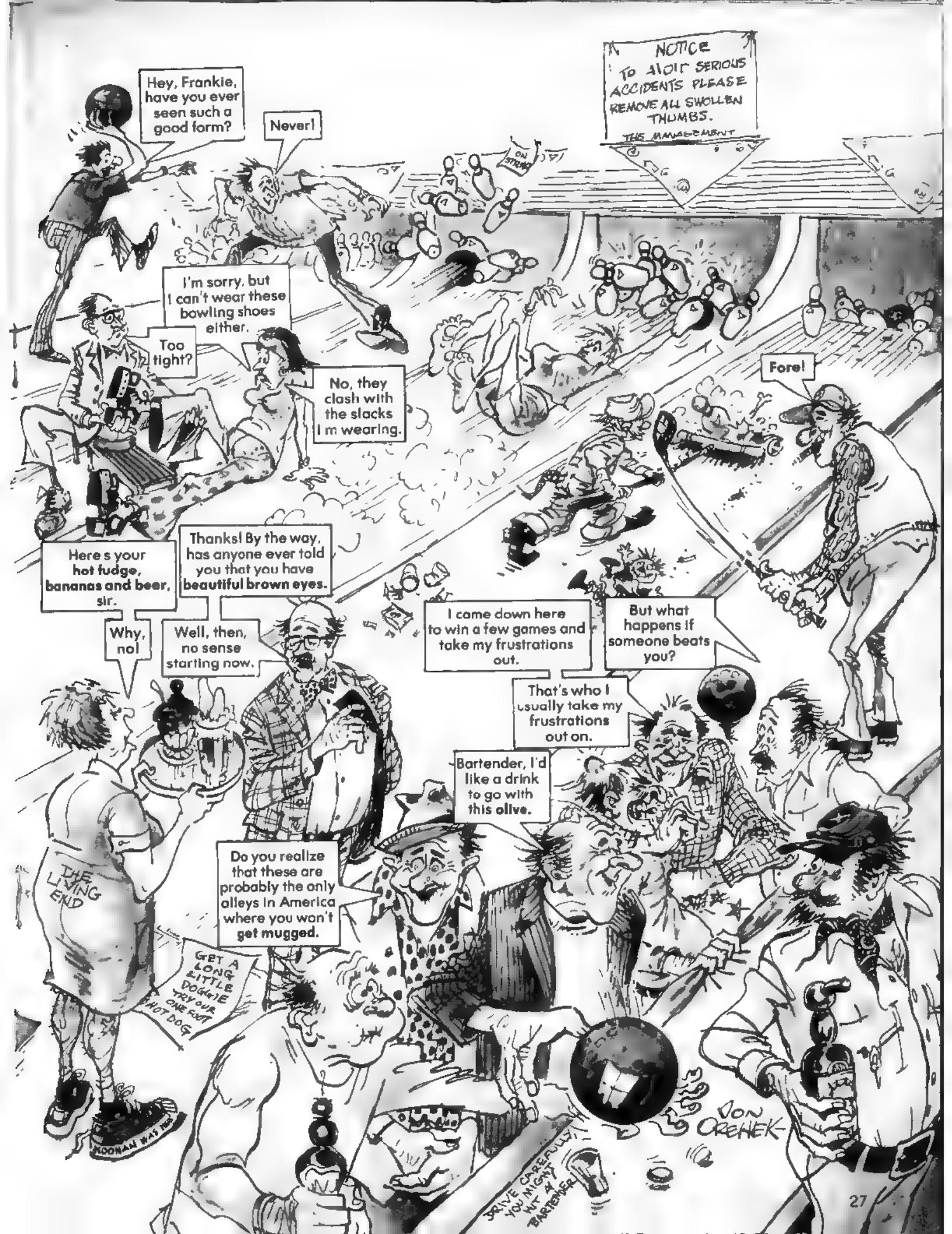
HO HUM! Another
third rate burglary

Washington—An alleged burglary was alleged to have taken place in an alleged hotel allegedly known as the Watergate.

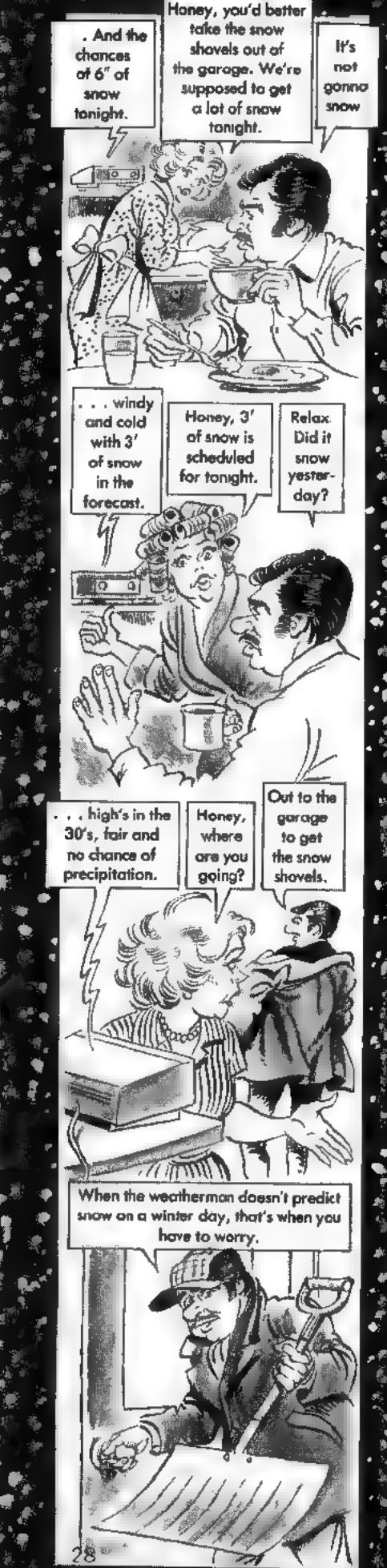
Everyone has his or her own favorite sport. Some people love the excitement of golf (where you hit a dumb ball 200 yards and then spend two hours walking around trying to find it), while others like the challenge of football, tennis, or kick the can. Well, now it's time to spotlight another sport . . . one where you can actually roll your money away, as we take . . .

A CRACKED LOOK AT A BOWLING ALLEY

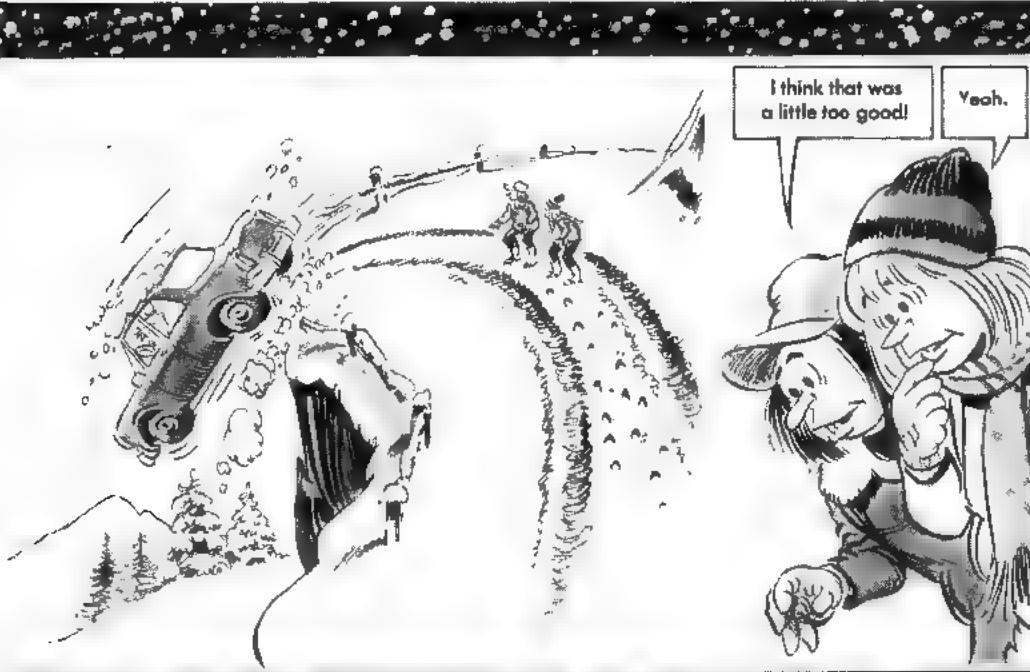


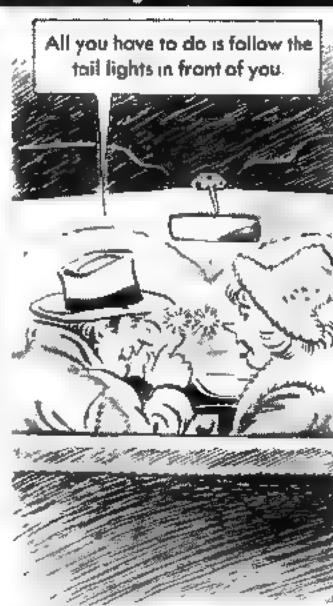


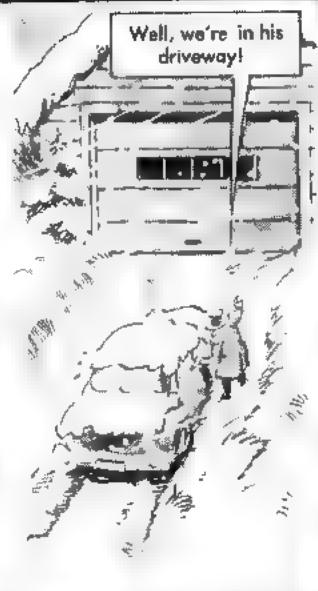
The C World



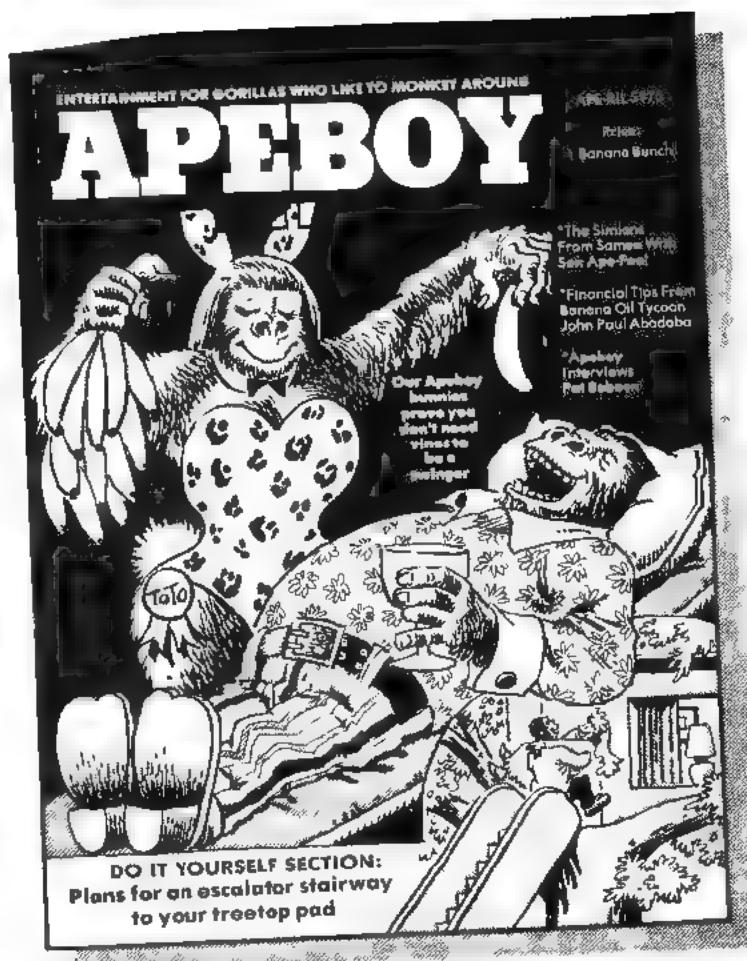
RACKED of SNOW







Monkey Shines Section: The movies and TV series dealing with the Plan friends do with their spare time CRACK



MAGAZINE PLANET

APE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

THREE FOOT CHIMPS MAKE CHUMPS OUT OF SEVEN-FOOT HUMANS

KONG-FU AND VINE SWINGING AS MAJOR SPORTS PG 36

COLLEGE FOOTBALL SCANDAL UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE APE RECRUITS POLES AS LINE MEN

SIMIAN CINEMA THRILLS

Fantastic Behind-The-Scenes Story of the Year's Biggest Box Office Smash

KONGO OF THE HUMANS

starring Marge & Gower Champion and Walter Apel

FORMER MONKEY STAR REVEALS: "I Worked For Peanuts... and enjoyed every minute of it."

WHO WILL WIN THIS YEARS BEST ACTING AWARDS?

of the Apes neglect to tell us what our primate corrects the situation by reprinting these . . .

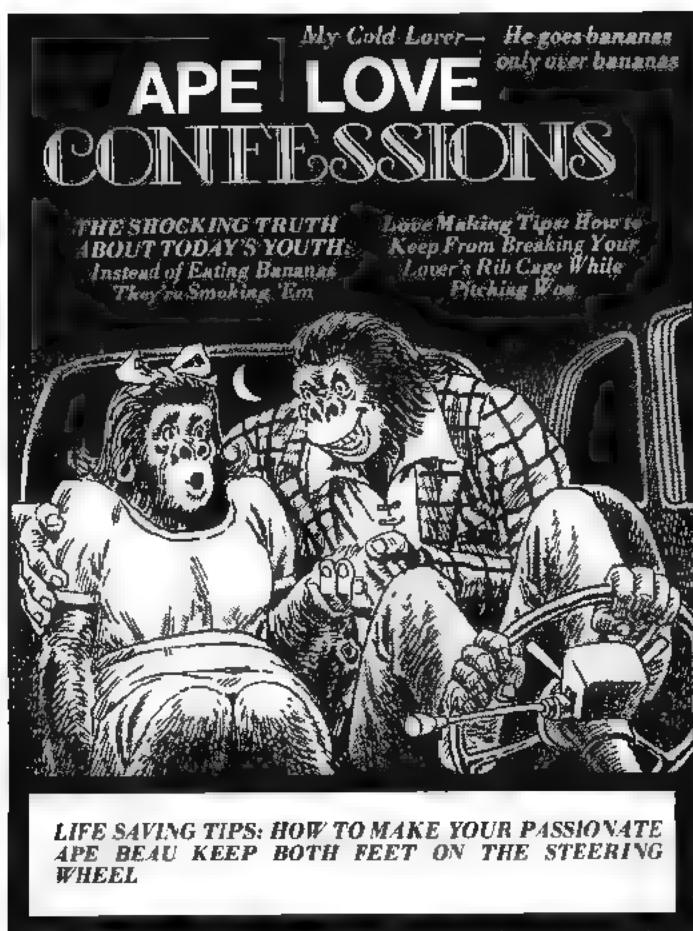
OVERS FROM OF APES THE APES

My Cold Lover— He goes bananas only over bananas

APE LOVE CONFESSIONS

THE SHOCKING TRUTH ABOUT TODAY'S YOUTH
Instead of Eating Bananas They're Smoking. Tim

Love Making Tips: How to Keep From Breaking Your Lover's Rib Cage While Pitching Woo.



LIFE SAVING TIPS: HOW TO MAKE YOUR PASSIONATE APE BEAU KEEP BOTH FEET ON THE STEERING WHEEL

GIRL GORILLA'S HOME Journal

Recipes For An Ipe-eting Seven Course Meal To Delight Your Simian Spouse

*Consonme Banana
Banana Cutlet Saute
Valencianna
Banana Parmesan
French Fried Bananas
Taquitoes con Bananas
Tossed Banana Salad
Brandied Banana
Molba*



Homemaker Zsa Zsa Gibbon models her homemade ape-ron

FACIAL HAIRSTYLES

Hints from the World's Most Charming Chimp Chanteuse

LOSE WEIGHT

How to tip the scale at a svelte 300 lbs.

SHOCKING STORY How property values plummeted when humans moved into an exclusive gorilla neighborhood

THE MAGAZINE FOR GORILLA GAMESTERS

HUNTING and MARAUDING



SEVERIN

A number of years ago F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote a book about a group of rich people living in a small community on Long Island, New York. His novel was heralded as a classic and now, decades later, Hollywood has adapted this great work for the screen and turned it into a movie entitled . . .

THE NOT SO GREAT GADSBY

As the sun dropped from the sky like a silver dollar into a piggy bank, I galloped across the sea to meet my cousin. I had just moved to Easter Egg next to a mysterious man known as Gadsby. In my younger and more formidable years my father had given me, Nic Caramel, some solid advice about good and bad. Despite that, I still accepted the part as narrator of this movie.

O.K., dock it up. Well Nic, old boy, you've finally come to see your cousin Lazy after all these years. What brings you here?

This boat.



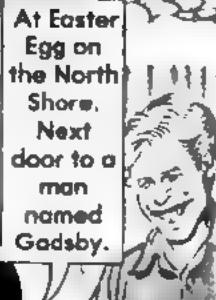
Sururi



Nic, my love. You look as good as a thousand-dollar bill in a high interest account.

Lazy, I haven't seen you in ages. Still have the same hobby you had as a kid—collecting plants?

Sort of, only now, instead of cactus plants, I collect steel and chemical ones. Where are you living at present?



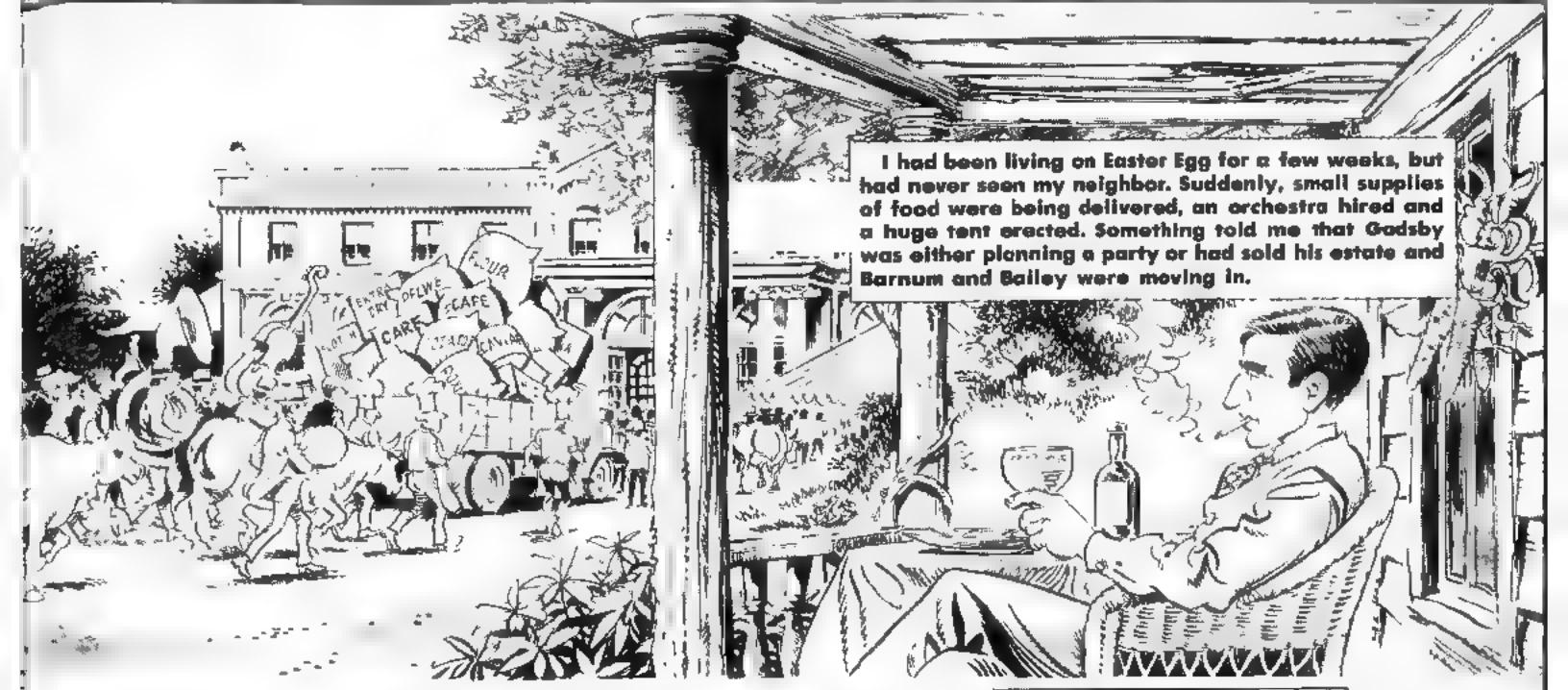
Jaye Gadsby!
JAYE GADSBY!
JAYE GADSBY!

Does the name mean anything to you?



No.





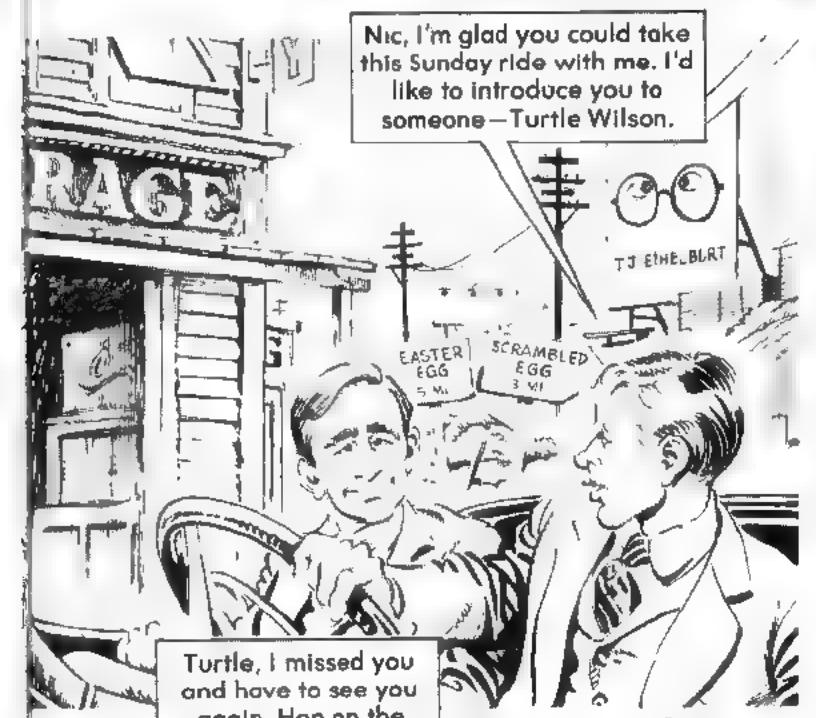
I had been living on Easter Egg for a few weeks, but had never seen my neighbor. Suddenly, small supplies of food were being delivered, an orchestra hired and a huge tent erected. Something told me that Gadsby was either planning a party or had sold his estate and Barnum and Bailey were moving in.

Nic, I'm glad you could take this Sunday ride with me. I'd like to introduce you to someone—Turtle Wilson.

Hi Turtle.
This is Nic.

Hi.—Gorge, why don't you go to the store and buy some chairs for our guests. I don't think we have enough for all these people.

Sure honey.



Turtle, I missed you and have to see you again. Hop on the downtown bus and switch to the "D" train where a bicycle will be waiting. Then ride down to 14th Street and hop the "E" train to 5th Avenue.

It sounds dangerous. Gorge might catch us.

Never! I've taken one other precaution to fool him.

When you arrive, I won't be there.

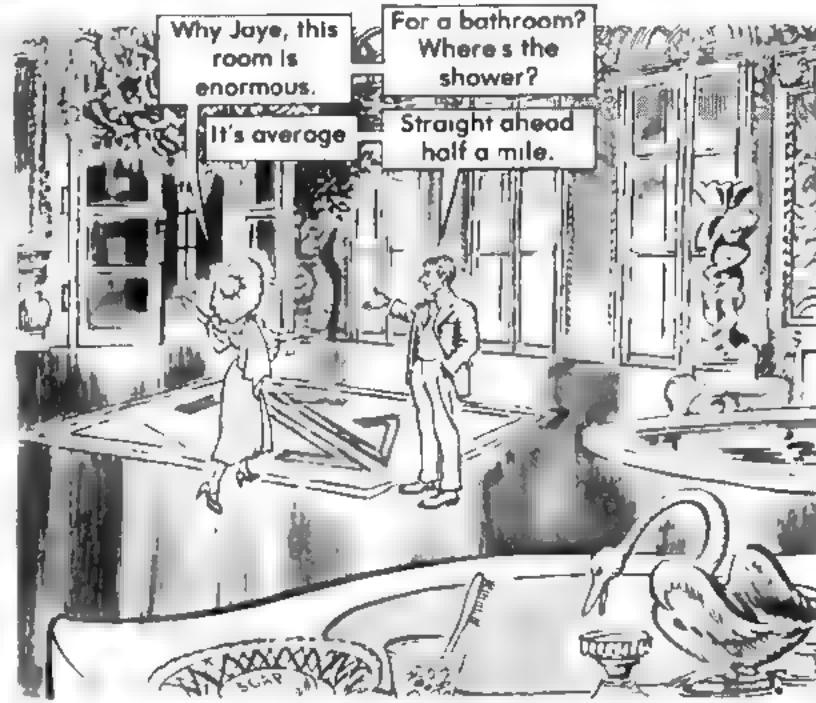
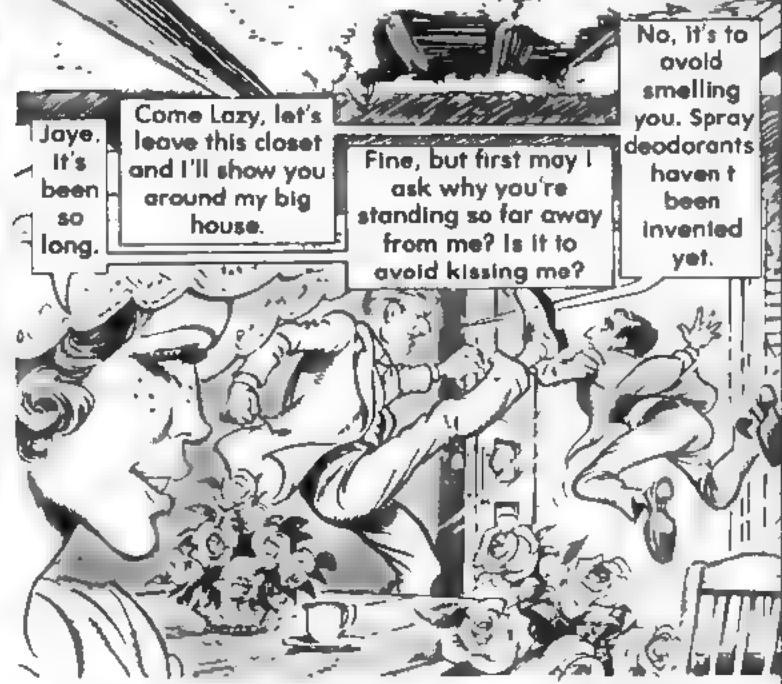


Mr. Caramel—Mr. Jaye Gadsby would like you to come to his party this evening.

Jaye Gadsby wants me to be a guest and partake in all that decadence?

Actually, Mr. Gadsby wants you to be a footman and help answer the door. We're understaffed at the moment.





All right, who has an interesting story to tell?

Dom—your wife and I are in love with one another and she wants a divorce to marry me. She's never loved you.

That's good for a start—any other stories?

We all left the hotel and later that evening Dom discovered:

What's going on here?

Turtle Wilson was just killed instantly when she was crushed against the left fender of a Rolls Royce.

That's disgusting. I thought Turtle had more respect for money than to abuse a Rolls like that.

I've come to murder you for killing my wife.

I appreciate the thought, but I'm really not dressed correctly. Could you come back in an hour?

No.

Oh! Well it wasn't me who killed your wife anyway. It was someone else whose name I can never tell.

Then I'll have to murder you.

...but I can give you detailed directions to his house.

That fatal afternoon came. Gorge crept behind the house as Gadsby was taking a swim. He raised the gun and fired as a realization jumped into Gadsby's head—one that would stick with him forever.

First Butch Cassidy, then The Sting—why can't I ever live at the end of a movie!

And what had I learned from being on Easter Egg that summer?

Gadsby's murder—that has to be the crime of the ages.

No, I think the real crime is the people who spent 6.5 million dollars on this movie to show how decadent America is and the people who spent \$3.00 to see it. Instead of giving all that money to them.

YEAH!

Have you taken a good look around lately? Oh, you haven't. Well, why don't you do that for a few seconds and then we'll get back to this introduction... Finished? Good. Now tell us, didn't you observe some pretty silly things going on! You didn't? Well then you didn't look hard enough because when we looked around we found so many absurdities that we couldn't help putting them together into one article aptly called...

The Ridiculous Things of Life

WAD

Triple locking all your doors and then leaving the key so that your cleaning lady can get in.



Using a spray deodorant daily, but taking a shower only once a month.



Buying a \$90.00 duck-down jacket and then walking around with it unzipped.



Demanding hot pizza and then not eating it until it cools down.



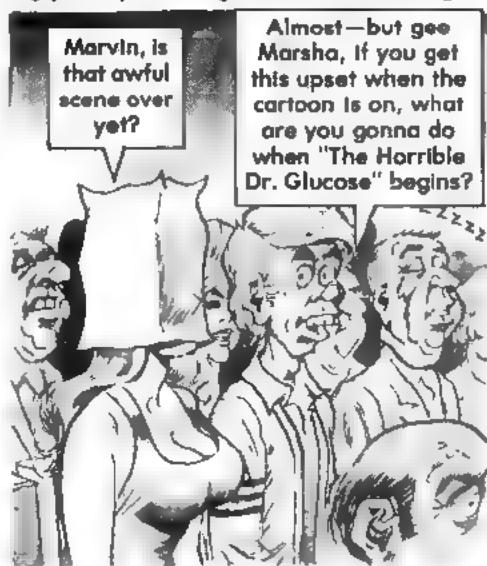
Having 20/100 vision, but refusing to wear glasses because they make you look funny.



Thinking a rabbit's foot will always bring you good luck.



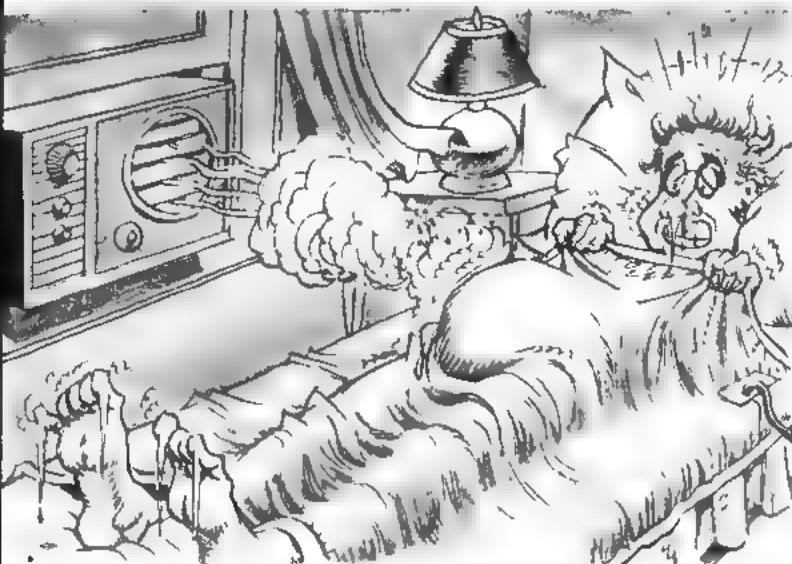
Going to a horror movie and then covering your eyes throughout the whole thing.



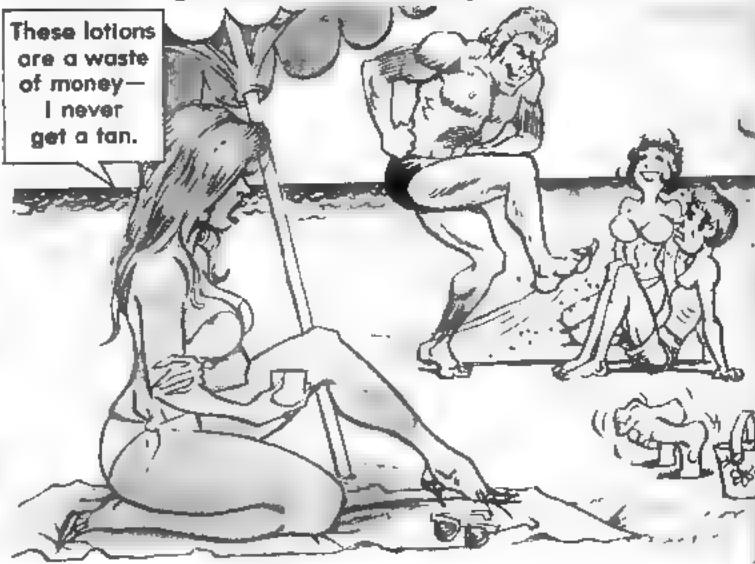
Buying a color T.V. and then watching nothing but black and white reruns.



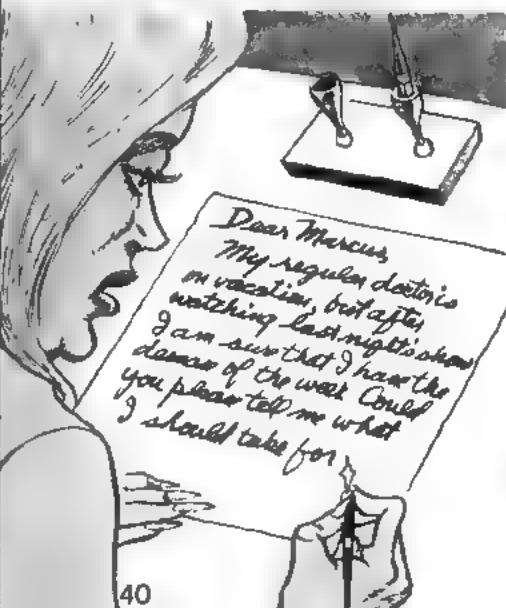
Sleeping under an electric blanket because the air conditioner is too cold.



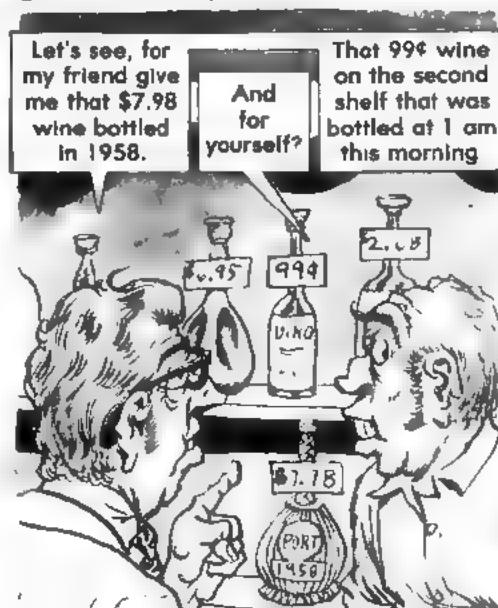
Going to the beach, smearing yourself with suntan lotion and then sitting under an umbrella all day.



Writing Marcus Welby to ask him what he recommends for a liver infection.



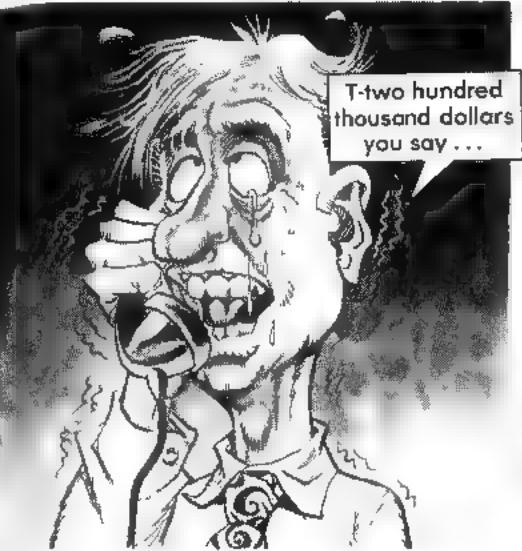
Buying yourself cheap wine, but a friend, good wine, to impress him.



Wearing a mink coat in Miami.



Giving an Irish Sweepstakes ticket to your brother-in-law for his birthday.



Spending \$84 a credit for college and then trying to cut every class you can.



Eating thin spaghetti because you're on a diet.



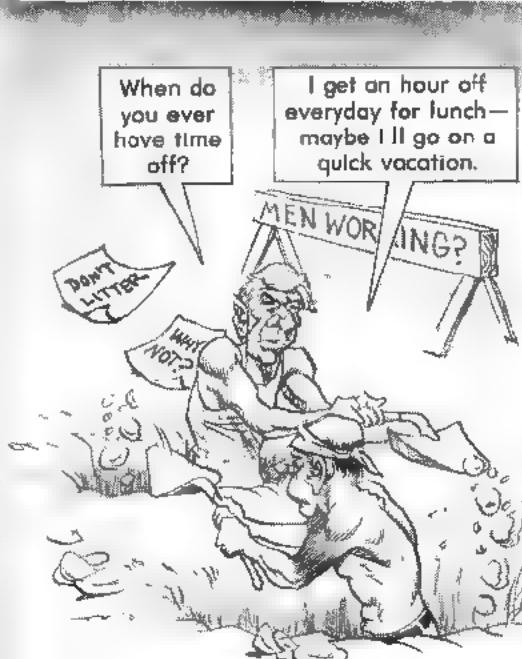
Hearing networks say that a program was recorded "Live on Tape."



Washing your garbage pails.



Working three, eight-hour jobs, so you can have extra money on your time off.



Buying new furniture and then not allowing anyone to sit on it.



CRACKED!



FOUN IAIN - CIGARS - LU

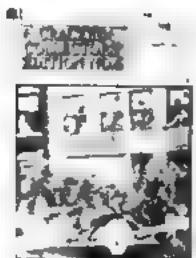
THE CRACKED BOOKSTORE

SALE!

NEW SELECTIONS!

WHILE THEY LAST!

ORDER NOW!
CHAOS LATER!



CRACKED ANNUALS
235 PARK AVE. SOUTH
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10003

Please send me the Annuals I have checked. Enclosed is which includes the total price of my selections PLUS 25¢ mailing and handling charge for each selection

GIANT CRACKED #9	75¢
GIANT CRACKED #10	75¢
KING SIZED CRACKED #8	75¢
THOSE CRACKED MONSTERS	50¢
CRACKED GOES WEST	50¢
THE CRACKED GANGSTER GALLERY	50¢

REMEMBER—Add 25¢ mailing and handling charge for EACH selection you have made

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

"What's black and white and read all over?" Answer: A newspaper. That, dear friends, is one of the oldest jokes going that we would never think of using. However, if we were going to make use of it, we would do so only if the next article coming up were entitled

CRACKED

Interviews the NEWSPAPER KING

Greetings all you loyal CRACKED readers. This is Nanny Dickering again and this month I'm visiting with Mr. Harry Granit owner and publisher of one of the biggest newspaper chains in the country.



I understand that the object of your chain is to own every newspaper in the country.



Good afternoon
Mr. Granit

Hi there Nanny — Listen before we get started, where's that big scoop you said you had for me?



Clever motto. What's the latest paper you're trying to acquire?

I don't think I've ever heard of that one.

"The Howard Road Gazette"

Wait I have a picture of their main office right here.



Today you work like a horse to eat like a bird.

As you can see they're one of America's smaller dailies.



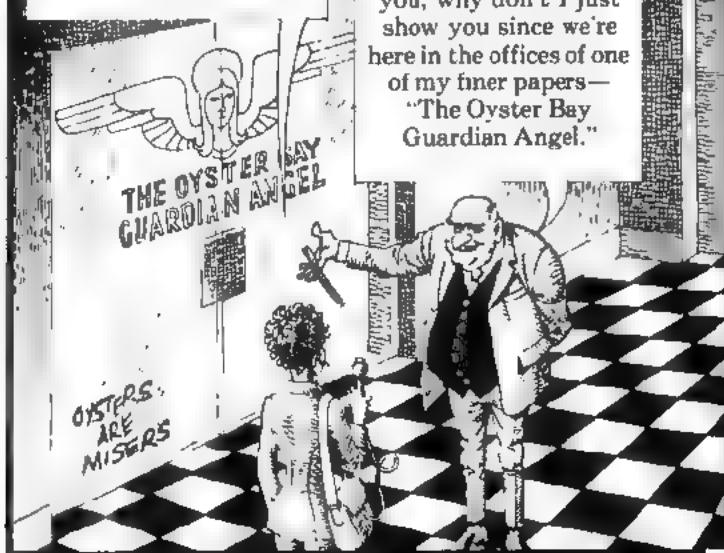
Tell me sir, do you think that a reporter should have to reveal a secret source?

Never! Does Chef Boy-ar-dee reveal the secret of HIS sauce?



Getting more specific, exactly how does a newspaper work?

Well first we . . . look instead of me telling you, why don't I just show you since we're here in the offices of one of my finer papers—
"The Oyster Bay Guardian Angel."



First, the editor assigns a reporter a good story.

Ah Rodrigues, we've got nothing for the lead story on page one. Do you think your wife would mind mugging the mayor for us again?

Sure thing Mrs. Sleet.



Once the story is covered, the reporter then comes back to the office and bats the article out on a typewriter.

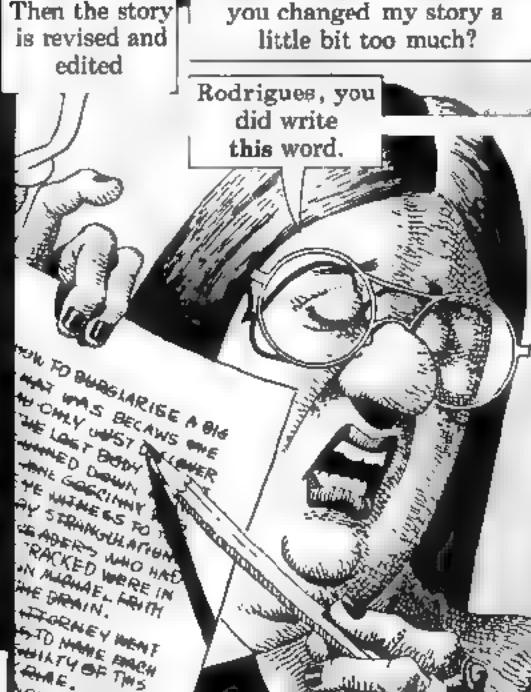
Then the story is revised and edited

Mrs. Sleet, don't you think you changed my story a little bit too much?

Nonsense—that's called adding color to the story

Rodrigues, you did write this word.

And I don't like the idea of doubling the number of people arrested. It's twisting the facts.



Once all the stories are in, the editor and the layout people decide where everything is to go on the page.

Occasionally, there is a difference in opinion.

Mrs. Sleet, either we give the election story a 48 pt. headline or Nana here gets it.

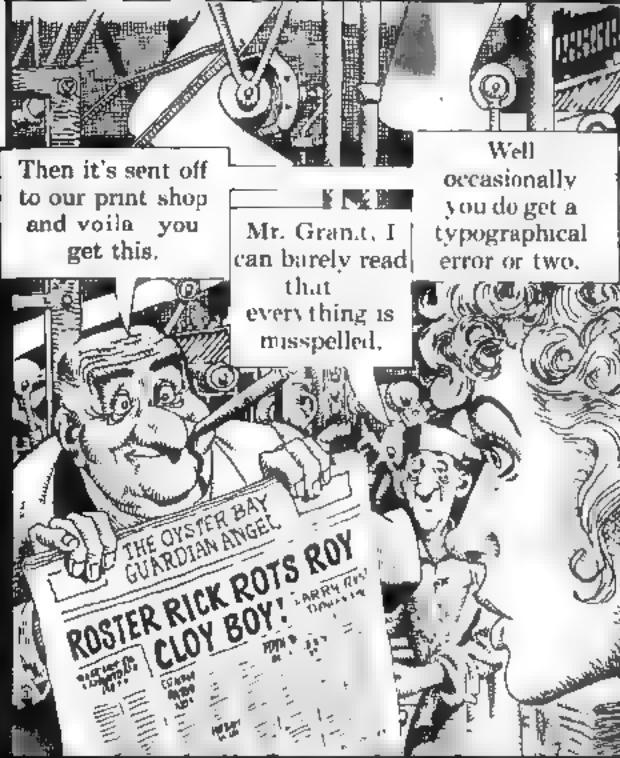
Calm down Mr. Pleyer.

POST
NO
TOASTIES

Then it's sent off to our print shop and voila you get this.

Mr. Grant, I can barely read that everything is misspelled.

Well occasionally you do get a typographical error or two.

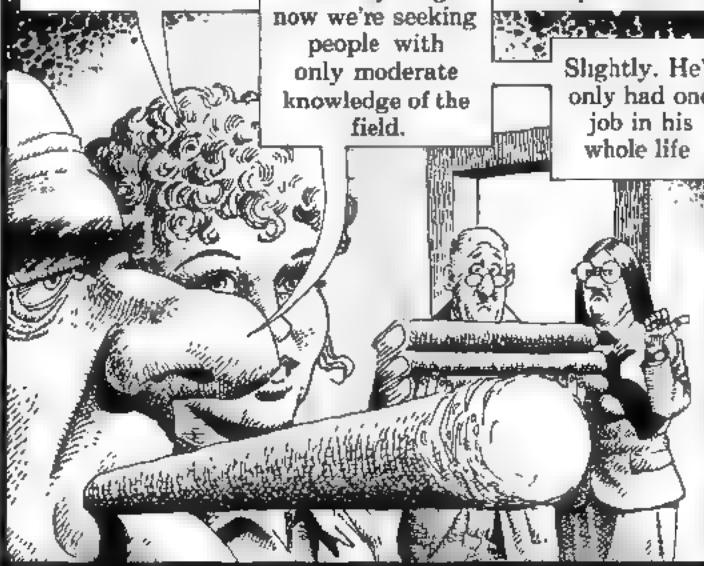


Is it hard getting on to the staff of one of your papers?

Not really. Right now we're seeking people with only moderate knowledge of the field.

I noticed that. That man there was turned down. Inexperienced?

Slightly. He's only had one job in his whole life

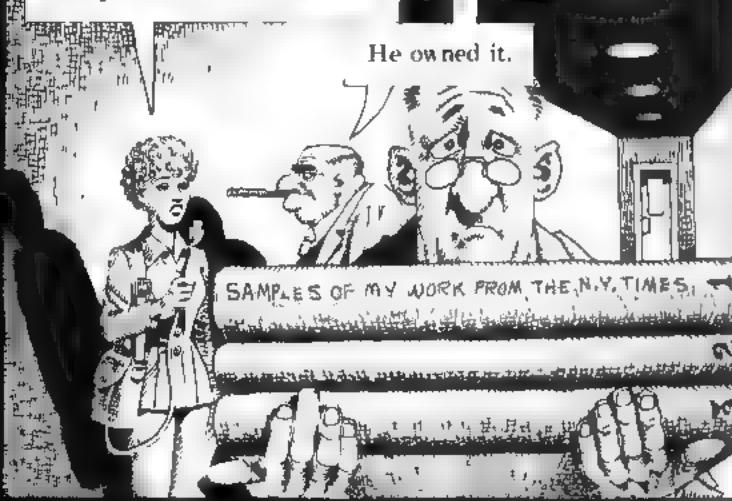


I can see where that could limit him. Where did he work?

"The New York Times."

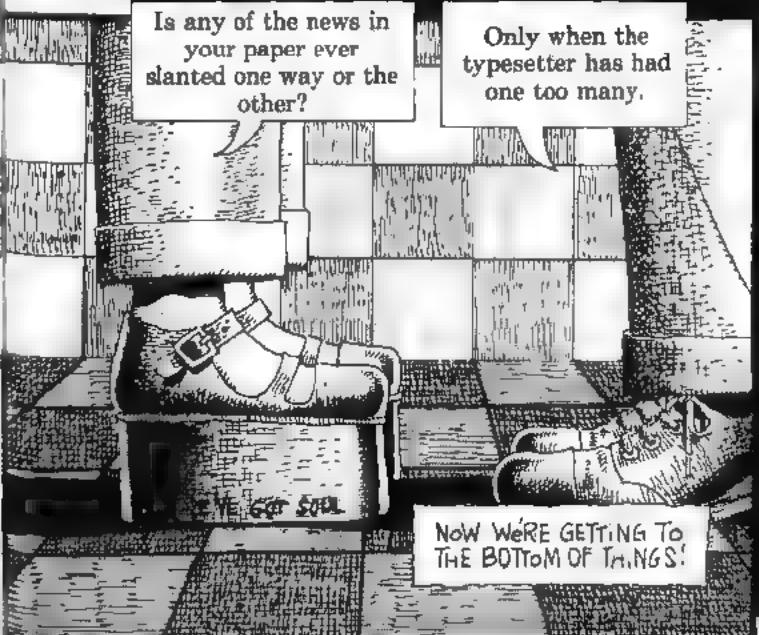
Really! What did he do there?

He owned it.



Is any of the news in your paper ever slanted one way or the other?

Only when the typesetter has had one too many.



In here is our advertising department.

I've read that even in the roughest of times, the number of ads in your papers continues to climb.

I GOT MY JOB -
THROUGH
THE OYSTER BAY
GUARDIAN ANGEL

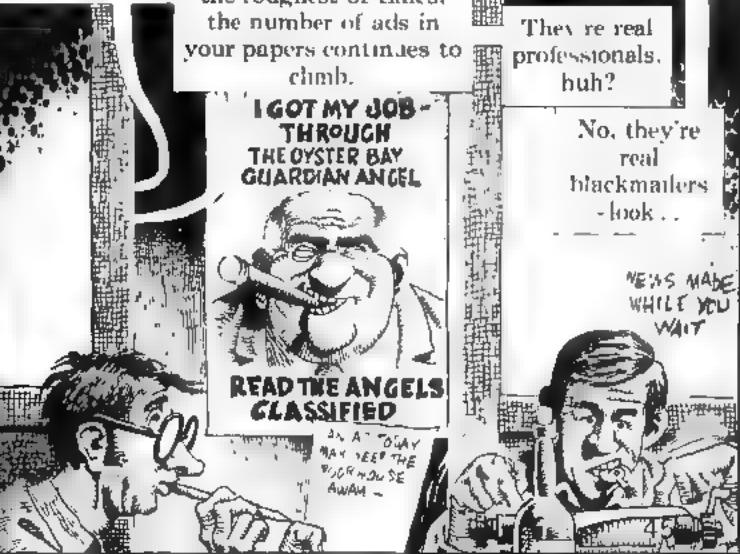
READ THE ANGELS
CLASSIFIED

That's correct and it's all due to our great staff.

They're real professionals, huh?

No, they're real blackmailers - look...

NEWS MADE WHILE YOU WAIT



Mr. Pinepark would your bank care to take out a full page ad in our paper?

I'm afraid not. We've completely exhausted our advertising budget.

Oh—well then I guess we'll just have to print the story we have here about your president's compulsive littering habit.

Ah miss, is it possible to get a double page ad instead of just a single?

UNSAVING SOMETHING YOU WISH YOU HADN'T IS LIKE TRYING TO UNRING A BELL
R. NIXON

NO GAIN IS GOOD NEWS

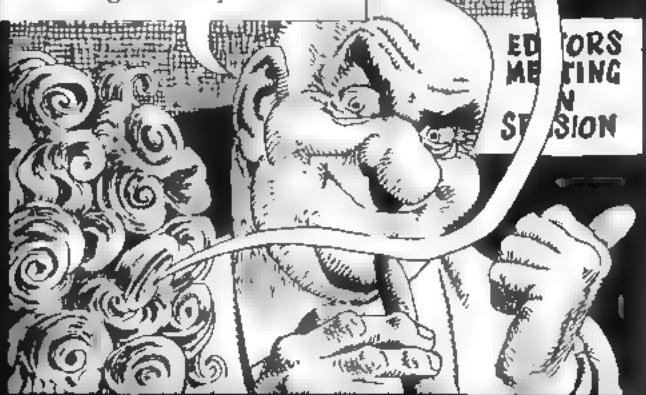
O.K.—editorial ideas. Rocky, you got one?

Yeah. I was on a picnic yesterday and a South American Crunderf bug bit me. I think the paper should demand that the city spray every corner of the town to get rid of these pests. I don't wanna have to go out and spend \$2.00 for a can of bug spray on my own.

And this end of the news room is where the editorials are written.

Ah, yes, those little gems written to protect the public. I've always wondered where editors got some of the weird ideas they write about.

Well, they have an editorial meeting and... just listen.



And now Miss Dickering I'd like to introduce you to one of the chain's top reporters—Mr. Bill Blair.

I've long admired your work sir.

I know.

In fact, I've a letter from one of my readers who wanted me to ask you where you get the ideas for all the wonderful stories you write.

Genius Miss Dickering—creative genius.

Gabriel?

I love to eat, but can't afford it anymore. Let's demand that food be given away free to everyone.

O.K.. write 'em.



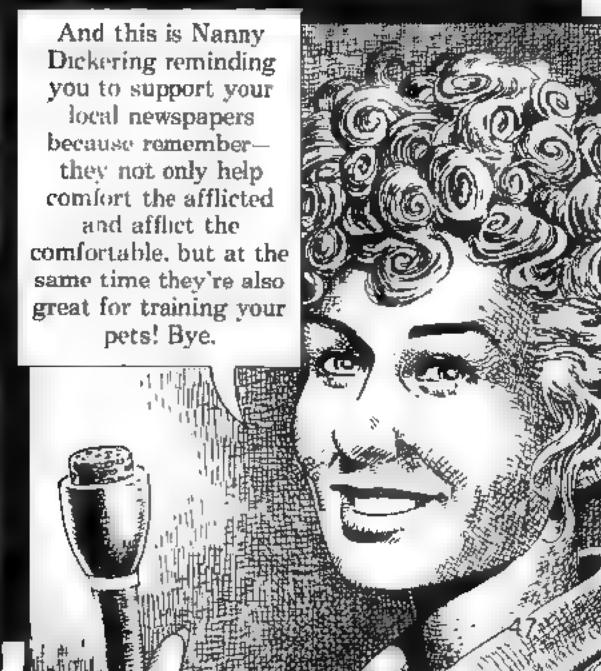
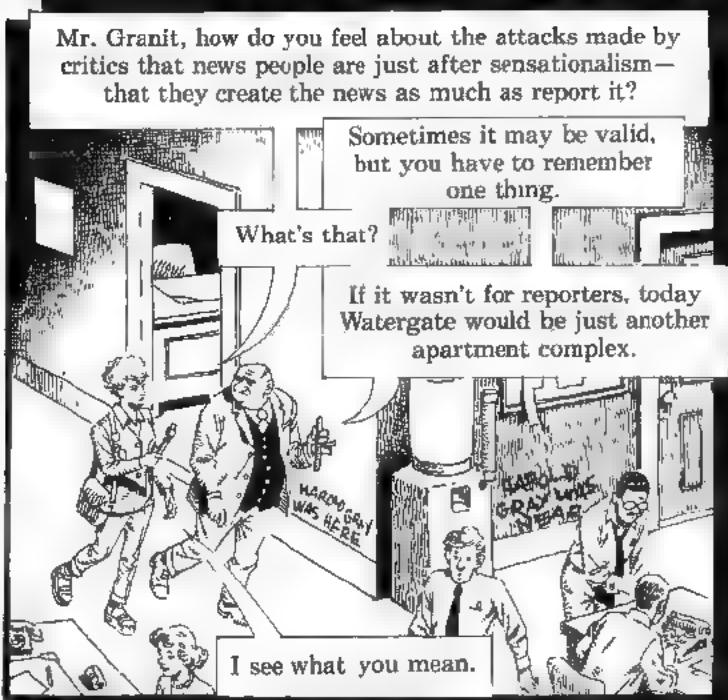
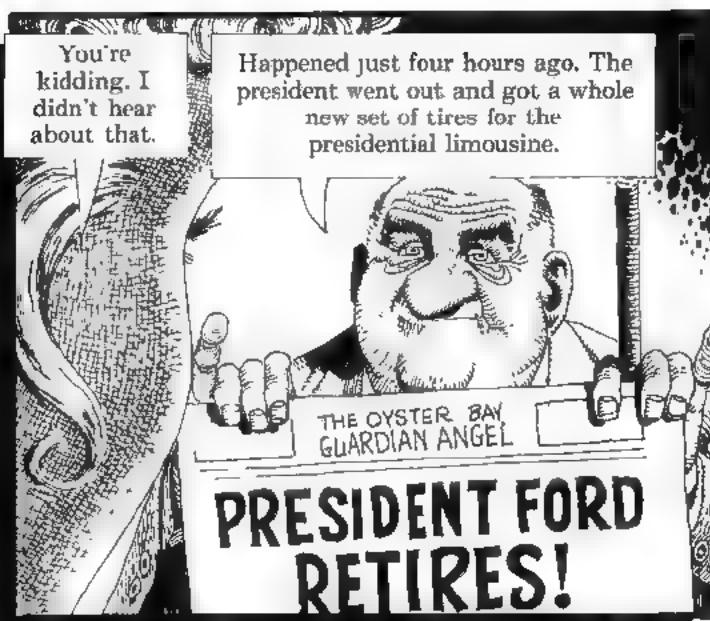
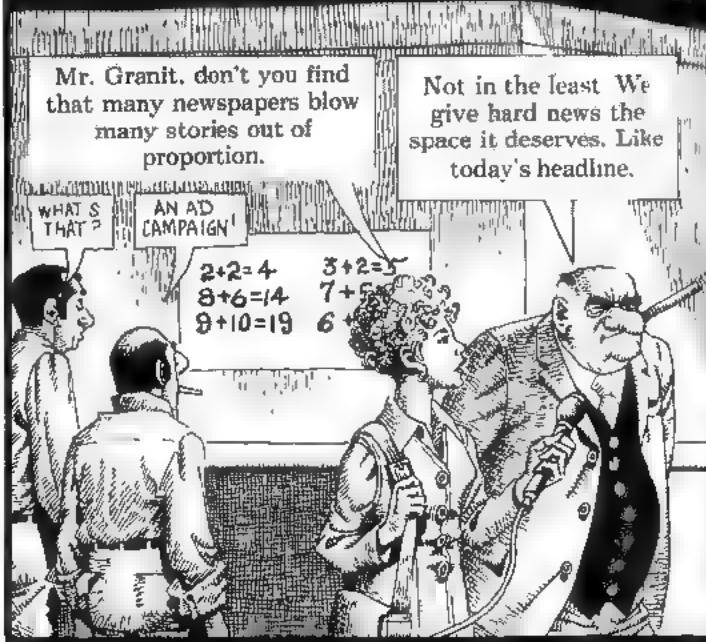
Mr. Blair certainly has a large ego.

You noticed. What gave it away to you?

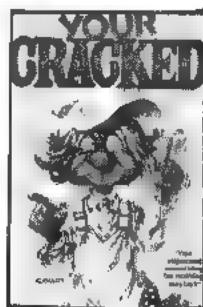
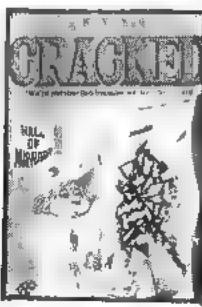
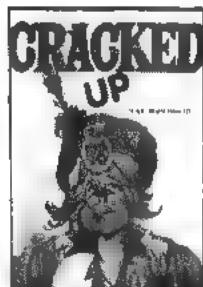
He charged me a quarter when I accidentally touched him.

HAPPINESS IS KNOWING BILL BLAIR

Import a print piece of meat he had all year



HEY, YOU!



We've got what you're looking for—something to fill in those dull times between the regular issues of CRACKED and commercials. And don't forget, they really will fit in your pocket!

MAJOR MAGAZINES

235 Park Avenue South
New York, N.Y. 10003

Please send me the CRACKED paperbacks I have checked. I am enclosing the indicated price of each one plus 25¢ mailing and handling charge.

- CRACKED UP..... 95¢
- HALF CRACKED.... 75¢
- GET ME CRACKED.. 75¢
- YOUR CRACKED... 95¢

Plus 25¢ each mailing charge.

..... \$
Total.... \$

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE..... ZIP.....

STANLEY

by Murray Ball

Continuing the adventures of the Great Palaeolithic Hero

"Hey Gus, I've
invented money!"



"A small, convenient trinket
to save carrying about elephant tusks
and barrels of
honey for
swapping..."



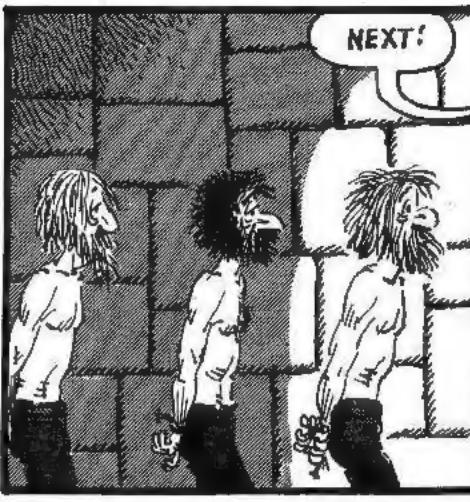
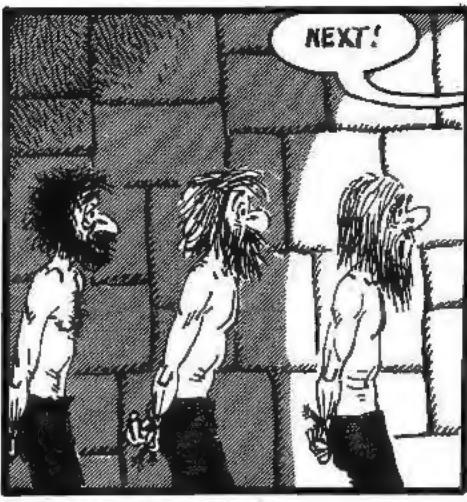
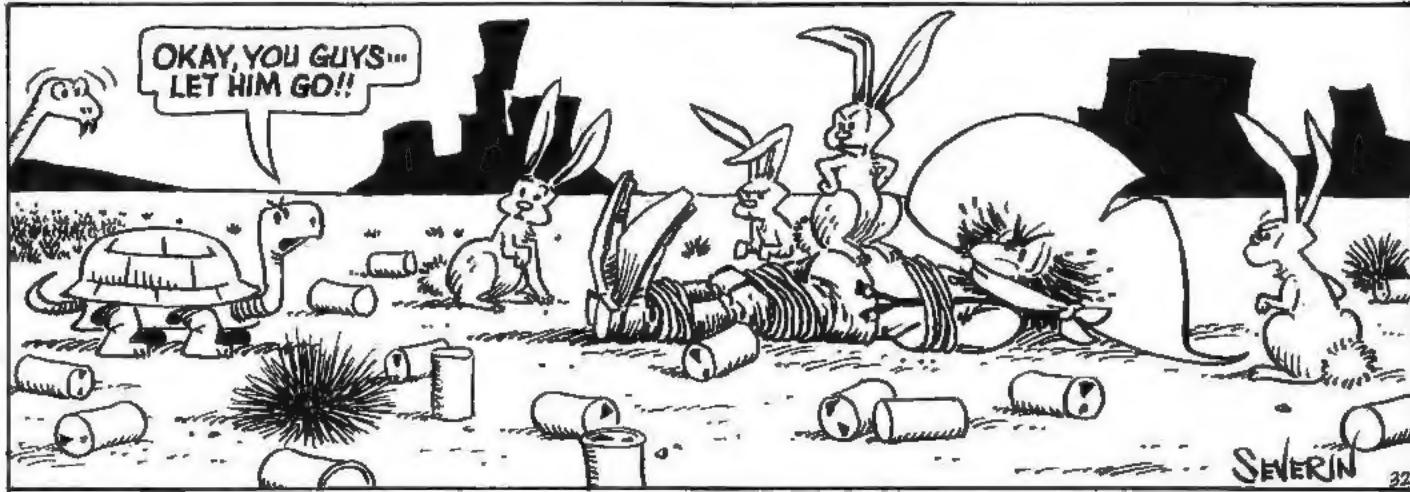
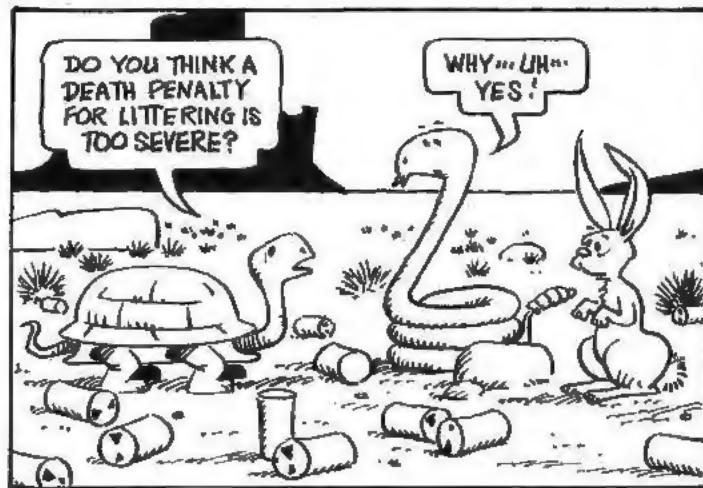
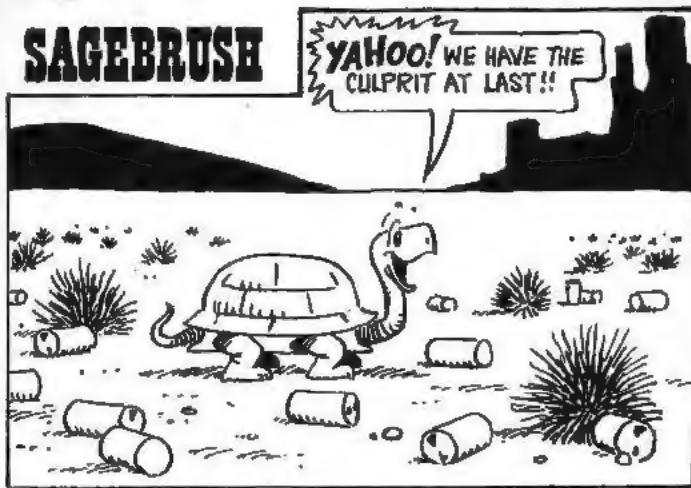
"That's a wonderful idea, Stanley!
All that is now required is to establish
its EXCHANGE RATE, its PARITY with gold, sterling
and the German mark. Whether
it should REVALUE, DEVALUE or
float to find its own level. And
how to maintain its VALUE in
the face of SWEEPING INFLATION..."



"I'd rather have
a pocket full of
mammoth tusks..."



SAGEBRUSH

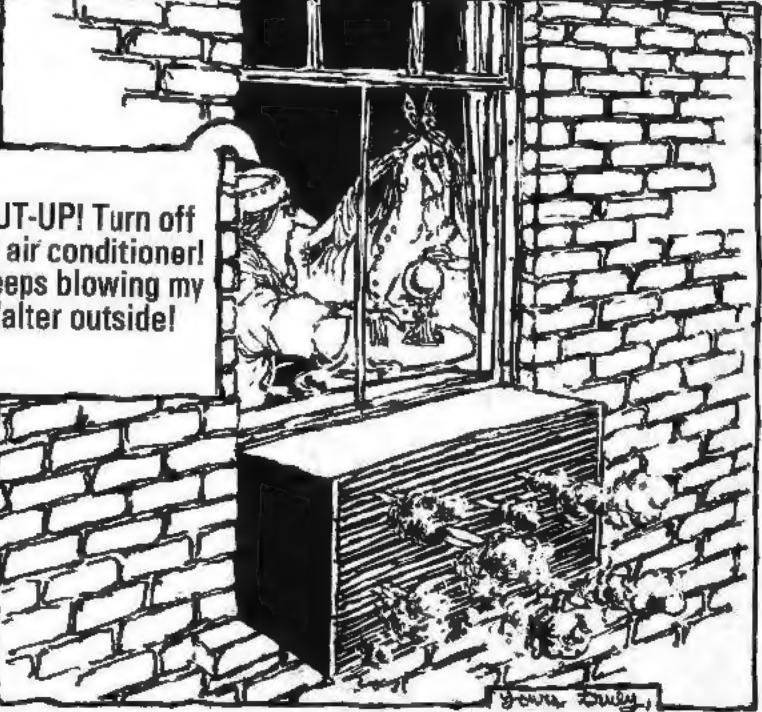
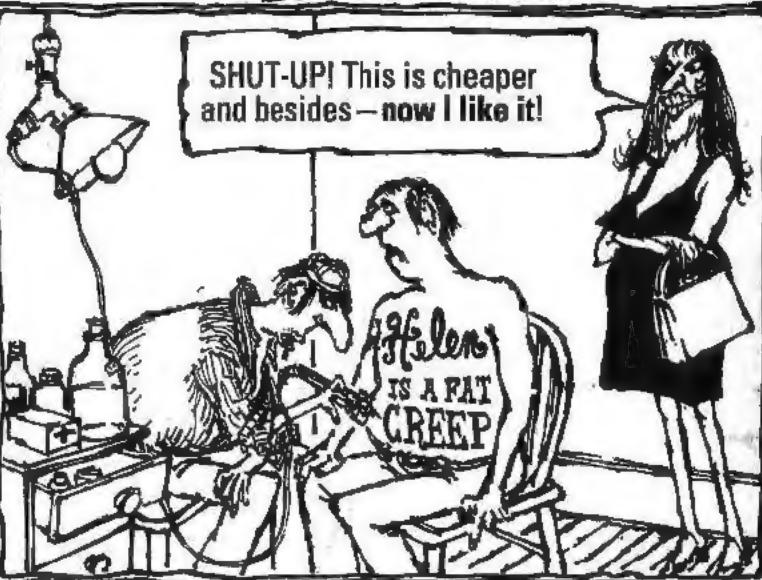


SHUT-UPS

CRACKED'S SECRET MESSAGE

HOLD TO MIRROR

anorath-8x-x:tnega A.I.C:waitretha
sway printnilek fud bestrommu
elidium hakan-4t4401.0EP1-41/S:area
!bebublm far seirlett -lebaek



RTANT SAGE

YOU'RE
STANDING
TOO CLOSE
TO THIS
POSTER!



The Man and The Mousey...

